JULY
Vol. II 1933 No. 4

The UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY IN
JANUARY APRIL JULY OCTOBER
BY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
$2.00 a Year Three Years, $5.00

DEMOCRACY AND ECONOMIC AFFAIRS[1]

SIR JOSIAH STAMP

I HAVE to address you to-night on the subject of "Democracy and Economic Affairs." It is a platitude that we are living in critical and responsible times; critical because the problems can be held up, while we are discussing them, only to a limited extent. So many of the problems in the past have perhaps improved while they have been discussed; those of the present could easily be progressively deteriorating while they are being discussed, and so we get into what the journalist describes as a "vicious spiral," and find that situations which were manageable under ordinary circumstances get into altogether new relations and new proportions, and require dangerous remedies. We also find, if we do nothing, or if we try only small doses of remedies, that we may not be acting for the best. Then we know that the forces which are to be controlled often lie beyond the boundaries of any one nation, and affect vast populations, and yet we have not yet invented a satisfactory international control over these economic matters. We have hardly invented an easy means of international inquiry and decision, to say nothing of executive action.

Science has been bringing us rapidly to a position where our national boundaries are obsolete; especially, for example, in the distribution of minerals which are universally required under modern conditions, and which are arbitrarily distributed by nature without reference to such national boundaries.

The general distribution of produce has no relation

[1]Address delivered at a Special Convocation for the conferring of Honorary Degrees, held in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, Friday, May 26, 1933.

whatever to existing political areas; these existing political areas are, however, becoming more, instead of less, insistent upon their claims to regulate such matters. The world has become internationalized by a net-work of export industries which have to depend on foreign markets, by large overseas investments which require the transport of goods in specific directions to liquidate them, and by financial obligations which do not correspond with the natural economic flow of goods, especially where the natural flow is found to be contrary to political expediency. Small wonder, then, that the times are critical and responsible. Does academic life flow on serenely in its studies of human learning, oblivious of its new surroundings, or has it a new and special responsibility and special mission in this emergency?

One is bound, if in a position of responsibility, to be profoundly sorry for the young people who are emerging from our universities into life in a time of such difficulty and depression. It is an intensely personal problem and one's regret is that there is an extraordinary absence of opportunity in the life to which they are going. Perhaps in many respects what is one of the most depressing features of the depression is that it means that the optimism and the vigour of youth are dimmed at the very start. We should have liked to look upon this situation—those of us in middle life and responsible stations—and to pass over the actual machinery to these young people and say, "Here is a social machine, in good running order," and without encroachment upon our natural modesty, we would go on to say: "I commend this to your care; you are a great deal luckier than I was, because when I started things were not anything like as polished and excellent as now," and we should like to go on further: "Not only do we hand you the machine which is running

perfectly and in good order, but we have elaborated by experience, bitter and otherwise, a fine set of rules and precautions which will put things right if they go wrong: learn those rules and save yourselves much trouble; we bear you up on our shoulders." Instead of that blessing, I am afraid we shall have to say to these young men and women emerging into modern life: "Here is a complicated machine which I have invented; it is absolutely out of order; I do not know how to get it right myself; you must rectify it; here is your inheritance and our gift:" and then I have to add: "Not only is it out of order, but I have no rules to hand you, because my past experience has been the very thing that has led me into this unfortunate situation."

Coleridge said that, "Experience is like the stern lights of a ship, lighting up the track over which we have passed." So we find that experience is at a discount, and the practical man is looking around, very much at sea, because all of his rules and all of his landmarks are set at naught; they are all out of place and out of date! The practical man has been described as "the man who practises the theories of thirty years ago!"

No one can hope to cope with the modern situation unless he has the basic capacity for thinking out new principles. This is a transitional age. Professor Whitehead has said that "The unstable ages are the great ages;" but they are not great if they are too unstable, and they are great only if the people in them are great.

Now, this problem of to-day is three-fold; first, there is the machinery of control and direction, the political form of society which we are watching with such care, and in which we give up the ground we have gained in the historic past so grudgingly under the new conditions.

Secondly, there is the mentality or intellectuality of leadership, and if I may coin a new word, of "followership."

Thirdly, there is the very important problem of the moral consistency of the people who are being governed.

In each of these, the academic responsibilities and opportunities are to-day immense. In the first place, the problem of recovery and regaining balance is mainly an intellectual problem, which should give place and give way and yield its secrets to the trained intellect in sustained research and industry. In the second place, when it has recovered its balance, this great material world, in addition to its moral aspect, has a highly intellectual one, in the proper ordering and direction of its tendencies.

Democracy, in its various forms in different countries, was designed for the controlling of a different order of problems which have emerged as the great historic dividing lines in men's minds in the past. But it is grouping a different order of populations to-day, in density and in methods of communication, for their common action. These democratic forms have been ideal in the past, for the leisurely working out of the problems of religious and personal liberty, the franchise, and communal life, things which were common to any community, and problems which got no worse by waiting and deliberation; but these forms are much less adaptable, in the present stage of general education, for correct action in foreign affairs, in matters of international relations.

The most important problems to-day are the economic problems, and most economic problems have now an international bearing. I walked into an Embassy in a country I cannot name, in a foreign nation of which I must not speak, and at a time to which it would be dangerous to allude, and found one of the staff cursing his

lot. He said: "All this diplomacy business has gone to the dogs. When I started my training in diplomatic life the whole matter was simple; I started learning about the balance of power and various diplomatic questions, but now everything we touch relates to this economic question, and I know nothing about it—this black magic of currency: I have now to say whether I think this country is going to keep its present currency level to right its balance of trade, and so forth," and he pulled the remaining hair he had in desperation!

That is symbolic of the change which has taken place in the main problems with which we have to deal. The characteristics of these problems must be laid bare before we can see the real relation of democracy to them.

First of all, economic problems, unlike so many others, have a superficial appearance which is very different from the underlying realities, and unless one can penetrate beneath the surface, he cannot naturally reach any truth about them. Then it is so often that an individual interest, an industry, or a particular locality, is not identical with the interests of the whole country, and still less with the interests of the whole world, so one cannot tell the whole story without much study. For example, we have only to look at the problem of the division of the product of industry, or what I call the "size of the cake;" people are so concerned with increasing their proportion of the cake from "x" per cent. to "y" per cent. that they forget the influence which it may have on the whole cake, and that it is better to have ten per cent. of one thousand than twelve per cent. of eight hundred. This fallacy largely affects localities, because their actions are influenced simply by local vision, which very often may be distorted, however honest and fair-minded.

Then there are such questions as the financial power

of progressive taxation; the making of people who have the larger part, pay it over, or to use the language of over the border, "soaking the rich." That may be an excellent policy for the time being, but we should not draw definite conclusions upon it until we have examined the effect upon the whole community in the long run.

This problem involves another thing difficult for the average man—weighing the future against the present, for how heavily the present scores and yet how desperately we can rob the future if we are not careful! The economic problem also involves weighing two different aspects of life—medium returns with regularity against high returns with variability, and these modern problems demand a knowledge of principles for the interpretation of facts. We have facts enough in our newspapers—or alleged facts—coloured facts, but one cannot do anything with those facts if he has not principles upon which to string them, and by which to analyze them and correct them.

Correct economic judgment requires a wider range—and here I speak with great deference in the face of the accumulated learning gathered here to-night—than a judgment in any other sphere because it requires the balancing of facts which are constantly changing and often obscure till their effects bring them to light. It also requires the weighing of psychological influences which vary widely in different countries and different ages. You cannot tell in the latest economic question of inflation what will happen if you do thus and so, because it will be different in France from the United States, dependent upon the intangible, the mass psychology, the response of the people. And lastly, all of your problems require what is most difficult to human nature, that is, the complete subordination of personal predilections.

If these are the characteristics of the economic

judgment, it is clear why a democratic form of government may fail to give satisfactory results.

First of all, the *collective* judgment does not understand. You have to imagine a vast mass of people each understanding a small portion of the problem and ask yourselves where emerges the *collective* view or judgment of the whole. This collective or mass thought may be deceived by appearances; it may be overborne by the most obvious facts, and miss the important ones. Again in the modern state it is quite possible that no decided vote may prevail upon which drastic action may be based, and that is perhaps the most difficult feature of all.

Then action cannot be rapid if it is to be decided upon by everybody. It is not well for all the crew to go upon the bridge and say which way the vessel shall go.

The problem may be an urgent one and be subject to deterioration while being discussed, such as the topic of the credit of a person or country. Why, to discuss the credit of an institution or a country is like mentioning or discussing a woman's reputation; even to talk about it incidentally is to do it no good! And then a very weak compromise of interests may emerge from the ballot box, and that may be completely ineffective as a policy.

We have, therefore, to face the fact that democracy is not well equipped for the solution of economic problems as they are at present constituted. Apart from this surface question pressing on us to-day, for an immediate recovery, we have three chief *underlying* problems for the government of nations. Referring back to my reference to the form of government—the philosophy of government, the balance between individual liberty and social direction—most of us have firmly in the background of our minds and almost in the fibre of our thoughts, the

philosophy of freedom. Now, we are constantly putting larger and larger patches of social regulation upon the torn garment of personal liberty. At the other end of the scale, in the Russian experiment, they are putting, in order to achieve some kind of success, larger and larger "gussets" of personal liberty into the straight jacket of communism. I hope I have got the word "gussets" right!

Then, the second underlying problem is the necessity for ceding—giving up—certain aspects of national sovereignty in economic questions, if the world is to get the best from its resources. National sovereignty is re-asserting itself in all directions, and the problem of giving up something for the common good is acute and pressing.

The third is the baffling problem of the measure of value, the monetary problem, which involves so many fallacies, and the practical difficulty of relating money wages to real wage costs—the problem of what to do about the money wage: whether it should remain constant, or by modification correct a more or less purchasing power; or whether the attempt should be abandoned, or something else should be adjusted or made to give way. We have to face such an unwelcome fact as that the attempt to move money or gold about the world, unless it really means moving the goods for which it stands, is bound to end sooner or later in some kind of economic disaster.

This problem of money lies at the root of one-half of our troubles to-day. It is known to all of us, no matter how casual our study of political economy may have been, as a medium of exchange, as a store of value, and as the measure of value; it is the means by which we get our goods exchanged. We know the results of exchange and of barter; namely to pay for a tram ride with an egg and

a half, or for a suit of clothes with a quarter of a cow is a most inconvenient thing for civilization. We must exchange our produce quickly, and easily, and the medium of money is used.

If we wish to have purchasing power at hand in any direction, we do not like to keep it in the form of perishable articles—articles which may not be accepted in all directions—and we feel that if we have money in the stocking, or the tea pot, or the chimney, or even deposited in the bank, we have a store of value upon which we can draw at any time. But its main service is to measure the amount, to enable us to say what one thing is worth, not in terms of some other thing—not to say that a pound of butter is worth six eggs to-day and five eggs yesterday—but to have that mechanism by which it is possible to measure value, in a common measure of value. But what we do not usually recognize is that money performs the two first functions almost by mutual exclusion, for when money is being used and stored, either in stockings, in tea pots, or deposited in banks, it is not performing the other use—its use is divided between the two functions—just as you cannot measure a yard with a tape measure, if a large portion of that tape measure is in your pocket!

Now, the curious thing about money as a measure of value is that the measure is not absolute; it depends upon the way in which the first two uses are sharing the field, for if money is being used to create a store, and only to a minor extent as exchange mechanism, then the measure of value will turn out to be quite different from what it would be if the money were used more as an exchange mechanism. The level of prices measured in money will be relative to the proportions between storing and exchanging.

I realize that I have done the utmost violence to the feelings of every economist in the way in which I have simplified and expressed this, but I am showing that we are trying to do three incompatible things. This money problem is a baffling blend of purely mechanical or equational elements with psychological and emotional elements, and upon the solution of it depends the whole possibility of a competent and highly organized civilisation. It will be brought to a severe test in this forthcoming World's Conference.

That Conference may fail from any one of some five or six reasons: first of all, from the undue persistence of political nationalism in an economic world; secondly, from the inability to suffer any local disadvantage or changes for the greater common good; thirdly, from an inability to liquidate the past—all that great mass of contractual obligations which are over our heads, and which are now out of relation and out of proportion. If we find it impossible to clear up that tangle, the Conference may fail. What may be a genuine difficulty among people of the greatest goodwill, and the greatest good feeling, lies in such unexplored fields as the "rules of the game" about the gold standard; and then it may fail because of its human reactions upon the people, who have to implement and stand behind its decisions.

It is quite true that in the end economic facts may prevail, whatever you do or think about them, but in the short run, what the people think about facts may be more important than the facts themselves. If you think that a great machine like a bank is unsafe, it becomes unsafe from the very fact that you think so. You will run as hard and fast from a dog which you think is a wolf, as you will from a real wolf! And any of the reactions which are attached to running precipitately, in the

way of falling over and breaking your neck, are present in both cases.

There is a vast difference between economic science and the other sciences. One can see, looking back, a golden age of physical science, when immense strides have been made in a few years, in such subjects as physics, chemistry, and biology, each one having a period when many first-class minds have gone into it with great zest, and reaped tremendous harvests. So why not that of economics? Is it not time we turned for a moment to concentrate upon economic problems from every direction? With the highest types of minds we should be able to solve these problems, and secure a golden age, because we can never get a golden age of economic life in a stone age of economic thought. Is it not time to focus upon these problems intensively in order to keep pace with the advances in other spheres, and in every other science? The advance in every other science alters the whole problem of economics, and surely concentrated and intense minds working upon the science of economics should bring it to a higher level than it is to-day.

In the other sciences you have this curious fact, that a single brilliant brain may raise the standard of living of millions of people without any effort on their parts. Insulin was discovered by the concentrated efforts of one or two men; what of the millions of people who will benefit from it, and in the future the further millions who will receive it as a great inheritance straight away, without any effort on their parts? You can count hundreds of discoveries which have been made by a few brilliant brains, the results of which are being enjoyed by the whole world at the present time. This is not so with the economics of democracy. You may have the most brilliant economic conceptions on a subject, but unless democracies are

willing to seize them and understand them and adopt them, you cannot raise the standard of the lives of the millions; you may have a better currency system, or a better method of protection for the products of your country, but unless the people acquiesce in these methods, or in a new monetary system, they cannot succeed.

What is the position of education in all of this? Well, its place in this scheme ought to be easily visible to all of us. The time has gone by when we can say that education is "the inculcation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent." Now, upon us, is the responsibility: for these complexities of economic life require certain qualities of judgment. Whitehead says: "Pure mentality easily becomes trivial in its grasp of fact. Wisdom's persistent pursuit of the deeper understanding is ever confronting intellectual systems with the importance of their omissions."

Mr. Baldwin recently told me of a certain brilliant don at Oxford who had become so peculiar, that someone pointed him out and said: "He was not made; not begotten; but just educated!"

The education of the individual, apart from the increase of the contents of the store of knowledge, had formerly a single main purpose, *to make a better citizen and a more competent worker of him.* Now it has a three-fold task. First of all, man has to do, and should do this: he should make a better governor inasmuch as he is to control by democracy vast issues beyond his personal ken; he must, therefore, know how to judge facts outside of his own field, and know the technique of many kinds of proof in other fields.

A third responsibility rests upon education now, because it has to meet the new problem of leisure. Modern technology at present is tending towards the knowledge

which will enable a man to satisfy pure commodity wants, in a much smaller fraction of the twenty-four hours. In the last one hundred years the commodity standard has increased four-fold, with a much shorter working day. Conditions to-day are very different from what they were in days gone by, when spare time was continually and preponderantly taken up in the production and acquisition of ever-new commodities. Now in any case, new supplies would be meaningless without increased time of leisure in which to enjoy them. What is the use of having a house suffocatingly full of new commodities, if we work as they worked one hundred years ago, and have no time to use them or understand them? But leisure is now emerging which is really just as necessary to satisfy human needs as any commodity. We must get out of the habit of supposing that every hour freed by science from producing existing products must be re-engaged in producing new goods. We are now fumbling at the problem of employing some people all the day, and others not at all. We cannot solve this problem by giving an unreduced money wage to those who are employed, but by reducing their employment in order to employ the remainder. But when we do succeed in finding the equilibrium, then this third task of education will stand clear; it will be a better producer of citizens, wiser voters, and better loiterers.

Education develops into the academic life, when the student tackles the salutary task of establishing a single fact; when the student learns the technique of proof and evidence in different fields of knowledge, instead of stumbling out of the law school, for instance, and trying instinctively to apply the laws of evidence to theology; or when he comes from the test tubes, endeavouring to apply the learning he has received there to the technique of the origin of the New Testament or similar

problems. Education involves a far better understanding of the technique of proof in different fields of thought, when facts develop. I read the other day that the real coming of age of a man was the conscious use of his power in any situation in life.

So the problem for the rising generation is to establish this essential trinity, the democratic, the economic, and the academic, and what the university has to do is to give those emerging graduates a "map of life," and to inspire its students with the philosophy of life, which, after all, is the greatest gift of the university.

To the young men and women here to-night, may I say that to me life is perfectly wonderful so long as you do not take it too much for granted.

We want boys to awaken to a sense of obligations to others. This modern problem is largely created by the mass of human beings who are fully aware of the advantages to be derived from communal life, but with very imperfect views of their obligations to it. John Stuart Mill said that one person with a belief has a social power equal to ninety-nine who have only interests.

Then the university has a delusion to dispel. It is the delusion that life and society are naturally stable, with periods of change which have to be justified. Why, the very accommodation to change, without destruction, has a psychological technique all its own. I do not mean to suggest that fidgeting is progress, or that all motion is progress; there is such a thing as motion on hinges, as well as motion by progress, as Lord Oxford has said. There is the delusion that the onus of justification must always be on the side of change, that we should do nothing about anything, that it must be quite right until somebody can *prove* something to the contrary, that we should "stand pat," as the correct attitude of the careful thoughtful

judgment, until argument and circumstances are too much for it. If ever these delusions stand exposed, they do to-day. The task of academic life is to justify that penetrating remark of Robert Bridges, when he said, "stability is but balance" for we are engaged in "the masterful administration of the unforeseen."

THE STATE AND ECONOMIC LIFE IN CANADA

A. Brady

OBVIOUS among the direct effects of the present economic depression is a profound change in the relations of the state to economic life. The failure of capitalism or free enterprise to maintain its self-adjusting character has shaken western institutions to their foundations, and the nation-state in America as in Europe is inexorably forced to use its sovereign power in bolstering up an almost tottering economic system. This development does little more than extend a former tendency, for the system of free enterprise never existed in a pure form, except in economic textbooks. In what are now viewed as the halcyon days before 1929, nowhere was the regulative influence on the production and consumption of commodities merely that of competitive economics. In every country collective action in varied forms had begun to check or to regulate competition.

Even Canada is not the memorial to rugged individualism that many Canadians are prone to assume. One need not describe the manner in which the state has fashioned the nature and extent of Canadian economic development through the tariff, the bounties on certain forms of production, the attempts, too often feeble and half-hearted, to conserve natural resources by regulations, such as those dealing with the protection of forests from fire and the establishment of forest reserves. The most decisive influence of the state has come through its part in facilitating the transportation of staple exports from the interior to the seaboard and to the American boundary. This it has done by improving a system of natural

waterways and by helping to extend railway transport into all areas where exportable products were to be found. Previous to Confederation the efforts of colonial governments were directed to improving the St. Lawrence waterways as a means of shipping timber and grain from the western part of Upper Canada. By the time of Confederation the canals had wholly become public property, and in the post-Confederation period the major attention of statesmen swung from canals to railways in unison with plans for extending the political unit from ocean to ocean.

I need not here survey the tangled history of Canada's subsequent railways. Its principal lesson is unmistakable. The exploitation of Canada's natural wealth has been tied to railway development, and in turn railway development has rested on state aid. Even the Canadian Pacific, so often considered before the depression as a shining example of private enterprise, was cradled and nurtured in its early years by the state. It was the recipient of land grants, cash aid, and bond guarantees, and only attained prosperity after the state had energetically promoted the peopling of the prairies. The later transcontinental lines were given even more generous gifts at their birth. Their construction would never have been undertaken without liberal assistance from the state in the form of land, cash, and the guarantee of bonds. The virtually bankrupt condition of these lines by the mid-period of the Great War can scarcely, therefore, be considered a criticism of private enterprise as such. The lavish assistance of the state under the pressure of political considerations must assume blame.

The present and future relation of state and railways is without ambiguity. In the nature of things it must be a relation of intimacy. Even if the state agreed to an amalgamation of the Canadian National with the Cana-

dian Pacific and under the management of the latter, it would still be forced in varied ways to control closely this powerful private corporation. And the reason is simple. In every modern state mechanical transport is important. In Canada it is vital to national life, for it provides a spinal column to what is territorially a vast and disjointed community, and is much too essential to the country's present economic existence to go uncontrolled. A government which failed to control it effectively would be false to its obligations. Besides railways, an increasing number of industries similarly require liberal aid and direction from the state, and if the depression endures for long their number must multiply. Assistance, for example, for the prairie farmers has already attained the form whereby the government virtually guarantees the sale of the wheat crop through the pool. This inevitable increase in economic tasks must bring additional strain to the state as at present organized, and the main purpose of this article is to emphasize the importance of establishing such organization as will ease the strain by providing more enlightened direction and administration in the new attempts at control. An immediate need has been an adequate organization for, and guidance in, railway management, since effective management holds out one hope of reducing the existing heavy burden of fixed railway capital on the Canadian people without impairing essential transport services. With this need the Duff Commission of 1932 in part dealt, and it is here necessary only to evaluate its major recommendations, which have been implemented in the last session of parliament.

The rejection of amalgamation of the lines under one management was the only feasible recommendation in view of the powerful current of public opinion hostile to a giant railway monopoly. In any case, since only be-

tween fifteen and thirty per cent. of the traffic of the two lines is competitive, amalgamation could bring no large economies, and would involve a difficult and expensive refinancing of the Canadian National. Where actual duplications existed, amalgamation would doubtless effect economy, but it was wisdom to recommend some means that would reduce the extravagances of competition without the otherwise heavy social costs of a monopoly. The result was the recommendation of a reformed Canadian National organization, substituting for the previous unwieldy board of directors a small board of trustees and the establishment of an arbitral tribunal to force the pace in reducing the existing wastes of competition. These proposals were eminently constructive. The former Canadian National advisory board of seventeen with its changing personnel suffered markedly, as so many public bodies in Canada suffer, by being designed principally to represent special interests and geographical areas. This fact springs from the federal character of our state and the sectional jealousies ever alive. Consequently, quantitative representation forces out qualitative representation, and in this case the result was a cumbersome body, far too much under sectional and political pressures to be a genuinely businesslike executive, responsible in an intimate way. A board of trustees of three, or even five, can much better prescribe and execute policies, especially if care is taken in the appointments to lay less emphasis on the representation of regions and interests than on superior talent and grasp of railway problems. The various suggestions of the Duff Commission to protect the trustees from political interference seem a commendable improvement on previous arrangements.

For reducing wastes in competition, so burdensome to Canadian taxpayers, the Commission trusted to voluntary

co-operation between the railways, and where that failed, to an arbitral tribunal of three, with the power of forcing co-operation, between the two lines. Mr. Beatty sharply criticized this scheme as a violent invasion on the autonomy of the Canadian Pacific in matters of administration, policy, and finance. But such an invasion is really less revolutionary than might appear, for the tribunal simply extends the principle embodied in the existing Board of Railway Commissioners with their important power over rates. Determination of rates, one may argue, has its repercussion upon the administration and finances of a railway. It is also a restriction on competition, but a restriction rendered socially imperative in those enterprises which are natural monopolies. The restriction on competition implied in the action of the arbitral tribunal is no more than an extension and for the same end—protection of the public from needless financial burdens. The report also suggested that the tribunal will provide "reasonable protection for the privately owned undertaking against arbitrary action by the publicly owned undertaking which might unfairly prejudice the interests of the privately owned undertaking." What is hinted at in this verbose statement is the need of giving the Canadian Pacific a fair fighting chance of providing the service of which it is capable, at remunerative rates, without embarrassing pressure from a railway backed by the resources of the state. To fulfil its true function the arbitral tribunal must be impartial as between the companies and be biased only towards the broader interests of Canada as a unified economy, weighing those interests as supreme.

Some have suggested that the task of the arbitral tribunal is impossible. Because so much invariably depends upon the personnel, it is difficult to forecast with

accuracy how such a body will function. But on paper it seems the most practical way of meeting what was clearly an unsatisfactory situation. It was particularly wise for the Commission to recommend that the chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners should preside over the tribunal, because thereby he can usefully unify the attitudes and procedures of the two bodies. Beyond this fact, much depends upon the personal qualities of the men appointed to represent the railways. That they must have great practical knowledge combined with sound judgment goes without saying. That in addition they must be endowed with first-rate diplomatic talent is equally evident. The character of the first appointees will probably determine the ultimate success or failure of the arbitral tribunal in its difficult task.

But effective organization for managing the Canadian National and for restricting harmful competition between the railways will be scarcely sufficient. Transportation is, for reasons already suggested, a powerful national interest in Canada, and many of its diverse problems emerge from unalterable physical facts; such as, the existence of a magnificent system of natural waterways, open only for part of the year, and the long distances which in so many cases separate centres of population. The needs of transportation should be viewed for the country as a whole and with due attention to unalterable facts. Only thereby can there be assurance that all natural advantages will be utilized at least cost and in a manner most beneficial to the entire community. Railway boards naturally see transportation only from the angle of railways. They require to be supplemented by a research board, concerned with studying all the major problems of transportation, and endowed not merely with the power of presenting facts—the Bureau of Statistics already does

that—but of interpreting them and submitting recommendations to the government. Its primary task should be that of watching the fluctuating conditions which periodically create the transportation problems of the country, and prescribing means whereby railways, motor services, aeroplanes, and water transport may be co-ordinated in such manner as will prevent unnecessary competition and promote that which is by no means an abstraction, the national interest.

This research board should be constituted of a few thorough experts, assisted by a larger advisory body made up of qualified men from the public service, railways, and other transport services. The permanent nucleus of the board should have the sole power in initiating investigations and in drawing up reports. It will doubtless be contended that such a board would be a luxury, accomplishing little; and that its studies would quietly gather dust in ministerial pidgeon-holes, like the reports of so many other expert bodies. But, properly organized and competently staffed, it could not fail to be of value to governments and the public, and a small permanent board need not be expensive, since it could utilize the services of the transport branch of the Bureau of Statistics. Hitherto transportation problems have been left relatively unstudied until a crisis occurred. Then a royal commission would be called, and seldom has such a commission in its hurried labour pointed out anything that could not be discovered by a competent board whose sole task was that of determining the dominant trends in development. On exceptional occasions royal commissions might still be necessary, but the more competently the advisory board fulfilled its functions the less frequent would be the need for royal commissions. To take a single example, a board could have done valuable service during the past

ten years in studying the progressive diversion of traffic from rail to road, and the implications thereof. It might also have demonstrated how costly was the existing competition between the two railways. By prompt study of new developments, a board could forewarn governments, and enable them to achieve quicker action where action was necessary. It could also helpfully report upon the feasibility of all new transport projects.

An advisory board on transportation, however, should not remain isolated. It should be a branch of a larger economic council, constituted of various boards or committees surveying the major economic interests of the country, and designed to provide guidance to the government in promoting a rationalized national economy. Already there exist bodies which could readily fit into a larger council, such as the Tariff and Fuel Boards; and to these others might be added. Canada need not be repelled from such an experiment by any sense of venturing into the unknown, for already in some European states economic advisory councils have emerged, and justified their existence. In Germany the council has taken the form of an elaborate economic parliament, representing the diverse industrial and social interests of the country. On innumerable matters this council has valuably guided legislation, particularly in relation to railways, organization of waterways and harbours, federal finances, housing, and social services in general. In Great Britain and France the councils have been less ambitious, being small, and advisory in only a limited way, but at least they have revealed the useful work that such institutions may perform. Doubtless it is easy to exaggerate the scope for achievement of advisory councils. We have yet to discover by experiment the best methods for their organization and functioning within a representative democracy.

Moreover, in a world of quasi-competitive economics, councils will not save a government from mistaken policies. They cannot do so if for no other reason than that a given economic condition may be affected or changed by perhaps any one of a multitude of factors, and beforehand no one can with certainty predict that factor. Experts may understand the anatomy of economic life, but they find infinite difficulty in forecasting the influences which determine the action of its brain. Frequently we are confronted in the economic world with problems where, as Dean Donham of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration has remarked, "neither an understanding of causes nor foresight in advance in any effective sense is possible." They are problems which suddenly emerge, partly fashioned by the variable courses of human emotion, and, by the time that economists understand their causes, their character has changed. Yet, when recognition has been given to all these considerations, the case for a council still stands. To reject the principle that an advisory council represents is to allow the state in its policies to be jostled forward by circumstances and by special interests, without any adequate attempt to explore scientifically the ground of its advance. That way must lie rocks and pitfalls too obvious to require mention. An advisory council seeks enlightened and disinterested prescriptions for economic difficulties; prescriptions based on the most reliable information securable, and hence preferable to those based on ignorance, or dictated by a selfish interest.

Hitherto Canada has been governed by the competing pressures of interest groups, and in this rough process the scale is generally tilted in favour of one or other strong sectional or economic interest. Since it is the usual contention that as a democracy Canada cannot be governed

in any other way, it may seem a waste of time to consider the establishment of an economic council designed to prescribe policies for Canada as a unified economy. But the value of a council would dwell precisely in the fact that its principal concern would be to lay emphasis on the interests of the whole, instead of on the interest of a part. It would make articulate, perhaps not perfectly but better than is the case to-day, the needs of Canada as a unified economy. At present special interests and territorial sections have generally through the press and in parliament an ample opportunity to express their needs, but enlightened economic policies with a stress upon the nation's interest have no definite voice, except the isolated voices of a few trying to make themselves heard above the din of special pleaders. An economic council might provide such a voice. It might afford guidance and support in achieving community standards, instead of the standards of particular groups. It would exist for the conscious guidance of economic forces in the interest of a rationalized national economy. The will of a majority would still prevail, but only after the majority had heard the verdict of a scientifically-minded group on the nation's major problems.

How is such a council to be organized? The argument of this article rests on two assumptions: first, that Canada remains a representative democracy, in which the economic council would, therefore, be only advisory; secondly, that no profound socialization of industries will take place in the near future. Should extensive social management of industries become imperative, there would be necessary a planning commission with something of administrative in addition to advisory power. But the council recommended in this article is intended as a guide to a democratic state in which private enterprise still

remains prevalent. It may be considered as a potentially valuable aid in the present and an institutional preparation for a possibly more socialized economy in the future. As such it should be composed of a number of divisions, covering at least the following interests: transportation, rural economy, tariff and industry, finance, and social services. Where special boards already deal with any of these matters, they might become divisions in the economic council, except where their tasks are now dominantly administrative. Also, there should be a small, select, and inner council to co-ordinate the work of the whole. In addition to a few permanent experts in each division there might be some representatives from the special economic interests affected, although only in an advisory capacity. Nothing in the nature of an economic parliament is contemplated, since such an institution would certainly become unwieldy and would duplicate discussions that are now sufficiently carried on in the House of Commons. In brief, the German precedent would here be undesirable. A small and carefully chosen body could achieve more effective work, because what is requisite is not debate of the parliamentary kind, but the creative discussion by a select few, planning of research, and the presentation of helpful views based on the most reliable facts obtainable.

The reports of the divisions of such a council should be of two kinds: confidential memoranda submitted to the government on request, and general reports equivalent to those of a royal commission and published in a like manner. The dual function of the council should be that of guiding a government and of enlightening public opinion. This latter task is particularly difficult because politicians who would still be responsible for what is done, are not likely to relish the direct appeal of experts to the

public. But in essential character the appeal would be little different from that made in the report of a royal commission, except that an economic council has an advantage over a royal commission in that it is not dissolved on the presentation of a given report; its terms of reference may be broad; it remains ready to add to its suggestions as circumstances require; and its permanency, provided that it is competently staffed, enables it to cultivate highly the art of investigation.

While the primary task of an economic council in a democracy is that of advising the government, its best work may be achieved if it is partly free to devise its own agenda. Its usefulness will be restricted if it has always to wait for political leaders to provide an agenda, for among them the common and inevitable tendency is to submit matters for investigation shortly before they must implement decisions. They are human and act only under pressure. In such circumstances the experts may have inadequate time to study scientifically the problem or succession of problems. Those who have assisted political leaders in preparing for any large international conference, will bear witness to the absurdity of expecting them to provide solutions for difficult questions on the spur of the moment. Royal commissioners are usually allowed adequate time for their tasks, although even they are often expected to report much too shortly after their appointment. The ideal economic council would be composed of men with the capacity and the freedom to explore ahead of that ordinary opinion which forces the pace of the politicians. Its usefulness to the public and the politicians will be enhanced if it can throw light not merely on the problem of to-day but on what is likely to be the problem to-morrow. It should endeavour to be the eyes and ears of the state on economic trends.

There are other important ways in which the organization of the Canadian state can be strengthened to withstand the new strains of its economic tasks. Reduction in needlessly duplicating services between the provinces and the federation would be wholesome because economical. A clearly urgent need is an enlargement of the federal powers to deal directly and uniformly throughout the dominion with social services, and to administer from the centre unemployment insurance and relief. But even in the present crisis provincial particularism renders difficult an amendment in the British North America Act, despite the urgent need. It is, however, an excellent time to begin the slow process of cultivating a public opinion in favour of enlarging the federal powers for maintaining such services as require uniformity throughout Canada. The method of co-operation between federation and provinces, represented in the Old Age Pension Act of 1927, is apt to be vicious, if for no other reason because it involves the raising of money by one authority and its expenditure by another. Hence a sharp sense of responsibility is difficult to insure, and an embarrassing diversity in the efficiency of administration is inevitable. Furthermore, much time is invariably spent in negotiations between the federal government and the provinces, and in the interval problems are left to grow more acute and difficult. But at the present time this cumbersome mode of co-operation alone seems to be feasible, and should be made as effective as possible for the attainment of various common standards, not merely in social services but in the supervision of numerous economic activities. For example, the regulation of share and bond issues and of methods of company control is now absurdly lax and inadequate in many provinces. It should be made effective by strict and uniform legislation throughout Canada.

It should emphatically be the aim of the state to reduce to the minimum fraudulent financing of companies which, pretending to exploit the country's resources, fleece innocent investors.

If far-reaching constitutional changes are difficult, one opportunity at least remains open, namely, that of improving the quality of the civil services. The public service of Canada, while containing some able men, has usually failed to attract a sufficient amount of first-rate talent, and a partial explanation has been the glittering opportunities in private business in a country exploiting rich resources. Moreover, political patronage in the past rendered it difficult to raise the public service to a high professional status. It necessitated that young men should virtually first become political sycophants before they could obtain positions, and this condition naturally repelled some of the most capable. The progress of the merit system, owing to the civil service acts and the growth of a more favourable public opinion, has reduced the evils of political patronage, and the depression has immensely restricted the opportunities in commerce for even the ablest. Vacancies in the federal service could now be more readily filled with young men who would in the future add distinction to public administration. Unfortunately, the more obvious needs of economy are likely to weigh more heavily than this necessary improvement in personnel, although the ultimate economy from the latter is indubitable. It is to the credit of Mr. Bennett that some of his appointments to offices in Ottawa have been admirable, and a continuance in the good work would in the coming years bear excellent results.

But there is one evident danger. The champions of political spoils have by no means disappeared, and a campaign to preserve and to improve what Canadians have of

the merit system is not superfluous. In almost every parliamentary session there are motions to abolish appointment by a Civil Service Commission and get back to what is euphemistically described as "ministerial responsibility," which in this case really means the responsibility of irresponsible patronage committees. In the session of 1931, Mr. Gagnon introduced a bill, providing that all appointments to the civil service outside Ottawa—numbering 30,000 as compared with 10,000 in the capital—be removed from appointment by the Commission; and a like motion was introduced in the subsequent session, when one member described the Civil Service Act of 1918 as "a relic of war hysteria under which we laboured some ten or twelve years ago." Not merely have we had this pressure hostile to the Commission, but we have had in the last two years many positions removed from the jurisdiction of the Commission on the plea that its methods involve red tape. This action is patently bad. The existing system should be preserved at all costs, and improved. There is truth in the claim that the methods of appointing men to the outside service and in the mode of promoting men in all parts of the service are defective, but the fault is mainly in the provisions of the Civil Service Act, which can and should be amended. In the session of 1933 one member for the city of Ottawa very properly answered the critics of the Civil Service Commission by remarking that "the blame must be placed upon the members of this House for having framed a civil service law that is far from adapted to the ends it was designed to serve." With the increased strains upon the state and the inevitability of greater strains in the next decade, never in Canada's history has the need for an independent and competent civil service been more acute.

A return to anything resembling the spoils system would be fatal.

In addition to guarding the public service against the danger of political spoils, Canada has an equal opportunity with every other modern nation of advancing systematically into the little-explored science of public administration, which is concerned with discovering the best modes whereby the state can perform its tasks. It is often assumed that with the effort to recruit a service from able men, everything necessary has been done. But clearly even brilliant men in an unstimulating environment may lose initiative, and it is admitted that sometimes the air of public departments may be as depressing as that of an unventilated and unlighted cellar. A problem of importance is, therefore, to bring vitality into the atmosphere of such departments. This may be done in diverse ways. In private corporations the ultimate stimulus on managers and their subordinates is the motive of obtaining marginal gain. Balance sheets are assumed to be the crucial evidence of efficiency, and profit the dominant motive. Under the incentive of profit and the spur of competition constant improvements may be made in the organization of private corporations. But obviously profits in the ordinary sense can be of little help in assessing the performances of government. General Dawes once put the matter in a nutshell: "Faults in routine business systems of private enterprises are generally soon corrected or resulting financial difficulties force those enterprises out of existence. Faults in routine business systems of government often remain uncorrected indefinitely, as governments depend upon taxation for their essential revenues and not primarily upon efficient operation from a business standpoint."

The stimuli for efficiency must be created from within

a public service through special organization, and in this matter experiment is essential to achieve the necessary result. Few things would be more valuable for the public service of Canada than to have a man who could direct such experiment, and it would be wisdom for the federal government to search for him. British experience here illustrates what may be attempted and what achieved. Lord Haldane's Committee on the Machinery of Government in 1918 made the significant proposal that there should be a department devoted entirely to an investigation of business methods throughout the public service. It would marshal information on how things were done in the civil services of other countries and in private business, and would scrutinize the effects of trying out new methods in certain departments. It would be an inward eye surveying the whole process of administration, and hence in a position to detect flaws and evaluate achievements. The report pointed out how in the army and navy the principle had long been recognized of placing "the business of inquiry and thinking in the hands of persons definitely charged with it," and emphasized the fact that active administrators cannot be expected to have time to think adequately about organization and action. A research department in close and regular contact with the other departments would provide valuable criticism and suggestion. Sir Josiah Stamp, from an extensive and varied experience of administration, has related how immense economies are often made feasible in public and private businesses by having experts periodically go over the manner in which expenditures are made for ordinary things. He cites a case where he introduced a specialist over a large number of public departments, and succeeded within two years in halving the stationery bill, with a gain in efficiency, through more uniformity in the sizes of paper.

Properly organized and staffed public departments can achieve as much efficiency in this regard as can private corporations. A case in point is the fact that when Mr. Henry Ford set out to study the saving from uniform invoices and uniform methods of handling invoices, some of the best information came from a municipality under the management of a commissioner who had carefully studied the standardization of methods in correspondence work. American industry was surprised by the economy which his suggestions would bring. Another case of supervision which should be more fully developed is that of an independent back-checking or audit of the results of new undertakings and expenditure. Departments are usually responsible for presenting proposals for capital expenditure, the justification for which may be certain savings or increased earnings. When these proposals have been given final effect, it is of the first importance to determine accurately whether they have been justified by events. Clearly the department in question should not be relied upon to make its own reports, bury its own mistakes, and present its own criticism, although that is too frequently the case. Independent audit with technical criticism would be desirable as an incentive to the most excellent performance; it has been justified, wherever tried, in showing the benefits or evils resulting from the ventures of departments. In Canada the Auditor-General carries out some special audits covering public enterprises, but his department seems to be hampered in extending this valuable work by an insufficient personnel. Enlargement of his staff to enable more auditing of this kind would be public money thoroughly well spent. By these different ways something like an effective internal executive control over routine functioning might be achieved, and the importance of this

control in a state venturing upon elaborate tasks can scarcely be overestimated. The strong social pressure upon the state to undertake enlarged labours cannot be resisted; the economic structure of our society makes it inevitable. But we can at least determine whether the control is to be efficient or not, and responsibility for that is now resting upon Canadians, and will rest with increasing weight during the next decade.

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It would not be difficult to extend the number of institutional adjustments and improvements necessary to enable the Canadian state better to shoulder its economic tasks and to achieve the most constructive results in the subtle art of government. I have mentioned in this article only a few, but these few represent two essential types on which public attention should concentrate.

First, it is necessary to bring more expert and dispassionate guidance to the Canadian democracy. Every democratic state is in need of such guidance. Canada requires it in a special degree because of the fissiparous tendencies in a country of sharply defined regional and economic groups, where group interests and loyalties have loud and powerful voices in contrast to the feeble voice of those representing a national interest. An economic council would afford an opportunity for a few men to concentrate on the needs of Canada as a unified economy, to define in a coolly intellectual manner the issues affecting that economy, and to perform thereby an invaluable task of democratic education. The council must be composed of genuine experts and fearless thinkers. It would serve little purpose if constituted of unimaginative men who were timid in frankly stating opinions upon the intricate range of economic problems thrown up in modern Canada.

Secondly, in public administration an improvement in quality is made imperative by the fact that Canada has not, like most European states, rich traditions in administrative technique. A young state in a bountifully endowed country has natural difficulties in attracting the finest talent to its service. This talent it must endeavour to attract, and in other ways it must seek to perfect the arts of administration. Such achievements are essential if the state is to attain any success in the performance of its economic tasks, the difficulties of which will not abate with time. With these achievements effected one might view the future relations of the state to economic life in Canada with less uneasiness.

ECONOMIC ADAPTATIONS

G. F. Drummond

DURING periods of acute economic depression there becomes manifest a general disposition to take stock of our economic organization. Its sudden failure to work smoothly and its long convalescence become obvious to all of us, for all of us are affected in one way or another. Many, forced to think of these things for the first time, imagine that all this is unusual or can be easily rectified. But what really happens during a depression is a painful exaggeration of all the economic maladjustments and stresses that are taking place in lesser degree all the time. It is their magnitude and their wide-spread impact that alone agitate and bewilder us. In normal times there is poverty and a great deal of it; there is inequality in the distribution of wealth; there is unemployment of a general character as well as that which applies to particular industries; there are bankruptcies and losses as well as profits. All these are inherent in the way our economy works. The depression intensifies just as the boom minimizes them. So when we ask ourselves what ought to be done to correct a depression, we are really implying the broader question: what ought to be done to make our economic organization function in such a way as to reduce its pernicious social by-products to a minimum? A very large question indeed. It is a question, however, which is being answered all the time. It is being answered piecemeal—in the way that, with the growing consciousness of these evils, society meets problem by problem and attempts to apply the necessary correctives. These are sometimes fitful, sometimes ill-advised, some-

times reactionary in their effects, but cumulatively they lead to change and are really dictated by the prevailing economic conditions themselves.

There is social and economic introspection all the time. Depressions quicken our consciousness of our economic environment.

That introspection, taken in its broader aspects, tends to lead either to pessimism or to optimism regarding the ends of our machine culture and whither it is leading mankind. For many it requires no depression to spur their speculations about our factory civilization. They see in it the disintegration of all human values and the apotheosis of a materialism which will eventually destroy us.

Dissenters to the cult of materialism in its modern form, such as Spengler and Dean Inge, have been described as jaundiced philosophers who see our culture as through a glass darkly. Business cycles for them are much less important than the historical cycles of cultures, the tidal ebb and flow of ideas and ideals, social forms and social activities. The depression is only another symptom. We are in a repetitive flux. Like the mayfly we are permitted only a few gyrations in the sun; the seeds of decay and death are in the first raptures of conception, and though we die to be born again, there is no assurance that we are reborn into a better world. Our economic system with all its false values will eventually collapse, and the kind of civilization it has produced will go down with it. The descent may be gradual or as violent as a depression that has no recovery. All values will be confused, and it will be many years before we grope to a new sense of human endeavour and human purposes. According to these pessimists there is no escape for us. We have progression, they say, without

progress. We delude ourselves that it is a matter of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, whereas, in all probability, we are like snow-blind men who lose themselves in spirals, going but getting nowhere.

Economic trends and cycles are, therefore, but miniature experiments in our cyclical development. If there is a trend beneath these cultural periodicities, the import of it is lost to us. The conception of biological adaptation, which we derive from the theory of evolution, does not necessarily imply adaptations that are more satisfactory for things of the spirit, that disembody the soul of man from the gross materialism of his universe, that lift him out of himself. Man may struggle with his environment, adapt and change, but he is always the victim of it. His culture pattern may change, is bound to change, but the weaving and unweaving of it is like Penelope's task, a hopeless and fruitless repetition.

That is the general thesis—a philosophy of fatalism. We are only different from termites in so far as we have the privilege of changing the shape and design of our ant-hills.

These philosophers go further and say that they see in our modern culture all the signs of disintegration. What we have laboriously built up from the time of the Renaissance, our political and our social arrangements, our conceptions of man's place and end in the universe, the extension of man's power over his environment—all that is now past the peak; we are on the declivity; history is repeating itself, and they are sounding the alarm.

These philosophers are not scare-mongers but reasonable exegetists. They have spread the book of our civilization before us and are reading their lessons from it. They point to the materialism of the age; the en-

slavement of man to the machines his ingenuity has created; cycles of depression; the social tensions and strains; the sapping of morals with its attendant evil that marriage is no longer sacrosanct or even, in some countries, a working arrangement; the irresponsible emotionalism that comes from mass-production of nationalisms, mass-production of prejudices, mass democracy; the low art of the period as witnessed in literature (*cf.* best sellers), architecture (*cf.* hideous skyscrapers), painting with its pornographic advertising, poetry and drama with their modern morbid insistence on sex and all its concomitants. This list is by no means complete, but it is a skeleton that anyone with the red corpuscules of puritanism in his blood can fill out into a flesh-and-blood monster of devouring proportions.

These philosophers have sown their dragon's teeth, and a mighty crop of champions and apologists has arisen to do battle for the modern man, to hold a shining mirror up to his achievements and to show withal that so far from being decadent he is a lusty, go-ahead, essentially moral, essentially right specimen of the human race, indeed, such a specimen as the world has never seen before. His conquests, too, are only in the inchoate stage; he is conquering nature, conquering his machines and their environmental evils, conquering himself—all those atavistic survivals and more recent superstitions that have led him astray. He is *the* scientific man. His approach to his environment, to his institutions, indeed to himself, is factual, analytic, conscious. He no longer relies on natural laws, on the long-run beneficence of providential control, on any outside factors beyond his control or cognizance. He is taking his evolution in hand, not allowing his biological adaptations to be accidental or implicit but under his directive

control. Why speak, therefore, of decadence, of declivities, of cultural doldrums? His possibilities, his potentialities are infinite. The only condition to his advance is the heat of the sun. While the sun lasts, while the gravitational or relativity laws of the universe remain as a working arrangement, man's dominion will be limited only by his knowledge and the use he makes of it.

Those who speak like that are the optimists. They see no end to progress. What is progress, they ask, but the enlargement of man's horizon, the reach of his intelligence, the spread of his power? The assumption is that the biological adaptations that ensue, whether consciously or unconsciously conceived, are bound to be good for man. Man will have his advances and his setbacks, it is true, but on the whole they will be beneficent. The cyclical theory is met by saying that there are no longer any geographical frontiers. Dark regions and dark ages can never again submerge modern culture. The universality of communication and contact, the merging of peoples, the growth of a world point of view in place of a sectional outlook have, within the last three hundred years, knit the world into a cultural and economic unit. There can no longer be isolation or insulation. This is proved by the spread of western civilization. Its original diffusion point in its economic and political impetus was England. From there it spread over the greater part of Europe, over North America, impinging also upon South America, over Australasia, and now Africa; it has found a home (in spite of Ghandi's negative resistance) in India, a welcome reception in Japan, a beginning in China. Its momentum is carrying all before it; like the swollen Nile it is being directed to fertilize the whole human terrain; it has no desert places. There can be no cultural recidivism, no

backsliding, no stopping. The world is rapidly becoming a cultural unit. Eastern cultures by their very mediaevalism will be absorbed, engulfed in the maw of the West. The modern smelter will remould them, and whatever survivals there may be, these will not soften or make brittle the alloy. Man is just starting. It is ridiculous to ask where he is going; the important point is that he is getting there!

The optimistic school, in opposition to the pessimistic, points with becoming pride to modern achievements: the tremendous output of goods, the increase of physical wellbeing, the extension of wants and their fulfilment, the conquest of nature, the enslavement of her powers to augment the muscles of man, the greater control and understanding of physical laws, the greater equality among men, political and social freedom, the breakdown of caste and other distinctions, the extension through education to the masses of the privileges of cultural advancement in general, the uplifting of man, the common man, to levels of leisure and culture no previous age has ever vouchsafed him.

The real difference between the optimists and the pessimists is that the former use a quantitative, the latter a qualitative, appraisal. It is our task to synthetize these, if possible; both have a good case, for truth is divided between them. It may be, however, that they are inclined to emphasize the wrong things, though it is an undoubtedly good sign when we find in any age a group of thinkers, whatever their conclusions may be, who make a deliberate attempt to evaluate the activities of their fellow men in terms of cultural direction or advance. It is good to ask ourselves why we do certain things, what we are doing them for, and where

they are taking us to. It reveals a consciousness of ourselves and of our aims that is altogether salutary.

It was the fate of nineteenth-century thinkers to ask too few questions about industry and social organization. This does not mean that there were no rebels, no dissenters, no critics. We have only to think of Robert Owen, the father of the co-operative movement; Shaftesbury, reformer and philanthropist; Maurice and Kingsley, Christian socialists; Karl Marx, that sinister figure whose sociological theories were to become more important than his economics; Ruskin, an idealist who rebelled chiefly against the ugliness of industry; later the Fabian group of intellectuals, the Webbs, Wells, and Shaw. These last are really of our own time and overlap the periods. On the whole, and in spite of these thinkers, the nineteenth century was one of complacency, an almost indecent and inhuman complacency. This was due very largely to the following factors: (1) the economic conceptions and the psychological and ethical ideas that were carried over from the eighteenth century and persisted as the broad basis of nineteenth-century social theory; (2) the rapid expansion of machine industry and the rapid urbanisation and unsettlement of labour; (3) the lack of general education and political democracy: this meant that the general expression of opinion was one-sided, and representative, for the most part, of employer or landlord interests. These three factors require further explanation if we are to understand the body of ideas that we have carried over from that period.

The eighteenth century was a century of tremendous change. Industry which had broken the old local bonds of the crafts and had grown into a national domestic system had been hampered for a century and more by irksome restrictions. Trade was under the handicap of

mercantilism, an issue that was to help greatly in the severance of the American colonies. Internal industry in its reaction to the needs of a growing foreign trade was seeking new means to improve and increase production. As early as 1710 we have Newcomen's steam engine, a cumbersome glutton for coal that was to be a portent for a new age—the Power Age. In 1776, when Adam Smith published his *Wealth of Nations*, his fellow countryman, James Watt, had improved and applied his rotary steam engine. These two events together mark the age that was to follow. Smith, in refuting the theories of mercantilism, preached the economics of laissez-faire, the conception that freedom of enterprise coupled with the natural beneficence of competition would lead to the *optimum bonum* of social efficiency and social harmony. Bentham's philosophy of the greatest good of the greatest number was the counterpart of Smith's economic theories, and both owed a great deal to Locke's earlier theory of natural rights. In short, the basis for economic action was absolute freedom. The best government was the government that interfered least, and since the forces of competition would ensure all-round economic justice, the greatest good of the greatest number would automatically ensue. Smith himself made some very important qualifications to the simple outline of this theory, but the qualifications were forgotten in the general acceptance of the thesis. And it fitted well with the times. What could be simpler, what could be better than to leave to each the unrestricted right to do with his own what to him seemed most advantageous, the worker to sell his labour to the highest bidder, the owner to make such arrangements in the employment of land, labour, or capital, as would bring him the greatest return? In both cases the free

working of the laws of supply and demand would correct any tendency on the part of the free bargainers to get more than their individual deserts. Nothing could surely improve on this excellent *natural* arrangement.

This was the body of thought that was ushered in with machine industry. Let us see what the immediate social effects of it were. Briefly the social effects were as follows: up to and after the turn of the nineteenth century the condition of the working class was in almost every respect deplorable. The new cities were slums; the working day for children, women, and men, was ten, twelve, and fourteen hours: labour was brutalized physically, mentally, and morally. The chronicles of the early nineteenth century in Great Britain are heart-rending reading. And all this happened when the power to produce wealth was increasing at an accelerating speed. There grew up a new and powerful middle class, dominant politically and industrially, and backed by the economic theorizing of Adam Smith's disciples. The theory of free bargaining, a bargaining that was to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number, interdicted, if it did not actually prevent, the interference of the state. Darwin's contribution to biology did not mitigate the theory of laissez-faire. Indeed, it was taken as a further proof and justification of it, since the survival of the fittest could readily be interpreted as a result of economic competition. But implicit in the theory of evolution is biological adaptation. Let us see briefly what forms that adaptation took.

If the classical economists were right in emphasizing competition as the biological struggle for existence, they were wrong in ignoring almost completely its biological complement, namely, mutual aid or association. They

not only overstated their case; they failed to envisage its implications. Its social implications in the machine age, an age that by virtue of its intense division of labour and specialization involved a social solidarity unprecedented in its reach, were an increasing degree of social antagonism, maladjustment, inequality, and group injustice. The shift from hand tools to power tools, from individual handicraft to mass formations of labour and capital, made the dependence of those who were henceforth divorced from the control or ownership of the tools they used, the concomitant of grave social disorders. The obvious fallacy of laissez-faire, apart from its naïve belief in *natural* adjustments, was that, so far from there being even the possibility of free and equal bargaining, the very non-interference of the state gave a virtual protection to the property or owner groups and no protection whatever to the dependent groups. As long as governments did nothing the scales were really weighted against the latter. If the supreme test of equality or justice is the degree or success with which different social conditions may be equalized, then the social outcome of the industrial revolution was an immediate disharmony, an increasingly lop-sided social utility, an *un*happiness of the greatest number.

The social reaction to this dysfunctioning was association. As a biological counterpoise to the *malaise* of competition it took two forms: first, social protection; second, self-protection. Social protection is the aid which society as a whole through the exercise of its legislative and executive authority may extend to its individual members or to specified functional groups. Self-protection is truly mutual aid, the help that members of any functional group, in the absence of any restraining power, may give to themselves. It implies the surrender

of some part of individual freedom or "natural right" in exchange for the greater security or benefits to be derived from group action and group solidarity. Trade unionism is a good example, though this form of functional associationism is not confined to working or trade groups but is found among producers and distributors. From the economic point of view, and without considering for the moment its social or biological importance, self-protection of functional groups is primarily an attempt on the part of individuals with a like economic interest to obtain in exchange for their services as large a share of the national income as possible. These two forms, therefore, of social adaptation to an economic organization which has grown up under a doctrinaire theory of the beneficence of free competition coupled with an astonishing advance in engineering technology, are of tremendous importance in any evaluation of the social implications of modern industry.

The early nineteenth century in Great Britain, the home of the new technique, saw (1) the absence and the denial of social protection, (2) restraint on attempts at spontaneous self-protection. The social history of the period is one long travail in social adjustment. The correctives to theory and to practice, slow in their inauguration and only approached with empirical scepticism, have gradually reversed the one-sidedness of non-interference, have given us a new and possibly a better social philosophy, but in their turn present problems of a social, political, and economic character, that call for a more searching analysis of social trends than appears to be given to it by statesmen and other leaders of opinion.

It is not enough simply to ask whether we are culturally decadent or progressive, to point to writings

on the wall or to give statistical returns of production. It is the process of economic adjustment that is important, the underlying tensions, the social by-products of our economic organization as a whole. What is the portent of these? What do they signify for man, not as quantitative achievements nor yet as qualitative comparisons with some *a priori* standard of good or with some age that revealed special qualities of its own? What are the special qualities that our own age is revealing? What are we making of our new science, or rather what is our new science making of us? What we are eventually going to become is less important than the present process of becoming. And the process of becoming is the outcome of a living tissue of social relations, the most important of which for a machine age such as ours is the broad life-stream of ideas and activities in our economic structure.

I have said something of competition and co-operation as biological manifestations of the economic process. I have shown that an undue insistence on the one to the exclusion of the other was bound to lead to social injustice, social disharmony, and a realignment of economic forces. The nineteenth century, out of which our present balance of forces has grown, was a time of social searching for such correctives as I have mentioned. Follow the history of labour self-protection in Great Britain during that period and no better example can be found. Shut out from self-help by the Conspiracy Acts of 1799, the workers' organizations were driven underground. Not until 1825, after Place, with a curious reliance on the pure doctrine of laissez-faire, had shown (to the satisfaction of the *pure* theorists) that labour's right to organize could not and would not raise wages beyond the competitive level, did the partial right to form trade

unions usher in the period of long apprenticeship in self-help.

We see throughout the century a search on the part of labour to find the best means of self-help. The workers turn from politics to industry, and when that fails, they turn again from industry to politics. They supported the Reform Bill of 1832 in the hope that the extension of the franchise would help them, only to find they had changed political masters, that they had substituted factory owners for landowners at St. Stephen's. Chagrined they turn to industry and organize the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, the first attempt at a general strike. That failed ignominiously, and immediately they furnish a political programme and we have the Chartist Movement, 1837-1848. That too failed and they turn back to industry. Giving up all ideas of a national labour organization, they began patiently to organize self-help trade by trade; the strikes of 1844 were unorganized protests against reduced wages; this had shown the necessity for closer trade organization. From 1867 to 1884 we find them back in politics again; the labour legislation of the period and the hopes held out by the Liberals, especially by Gladstone, induced them to revive their faith in the state as the best vehicle for protection. The partial democracy that was achieved did not, however, give that reward for which they had hoped, and up to the outbreak of the Great War we find the workers assaulting both the industrial and the political fronts. The rise in prices from the middle of the nineties was accompanied by a series of strikes in mining, engineering, the docks, the railroads. Meanwhile a process of trade union consolidation proceeded, emerging in the Trade Union Congress, a return to the ideals of 1834. The formation of the

Labour Party, supported financially by the trade union movement, and by the intellectuals, the Fabian Society, which gave it the ammunition it required for its political guns, led to an increasing political influence in and out of Parliament. The granting of full manhood, and later full womanhood, suffrage after the War placed in the hands of the workers the political power they had been striving to gain since 1832. Political democracy is, however, not industrial democracy and the more urgent of the workers, those desirous of full emancipation, made a trial of strength in the industrial arena once more when the General Strike in 1926 collapsed just as the first general strike, almost a hundred years earlier, had done.

This, very briefly, is the development of self-help in the worker groups. That it has improved the bargaining power of a class which, at the beginning of last century, was almost a class of industrial serfs, cannot be gainsaid; that it has used that bargaining power sometimes unwisely, is no condemnation of the biological reaction involved. This self-help, however, did not cover the whole field of working class groups, and it is an interesting commentary on the thesis that the government should not interfere in bargaining arrangements that the British government, besides on occasion arbitrating between warring economic interests, has itself introduced legislation, as early as 1909, to create trade unions where these did not or could not readily exist, for such has been the precise effect of the Trades Board Acts which now apply to over a hundred industries. So much for self-help of one economic class. What about consumers?

The first attempt at co-operation among consumers took place when twenty-eight flannel-weavers, "the Rochdale Pioneers," opened their co-operative store in a

back lane of Rochdale, England, in 1844. At the present time the co-operative movement in Great Britain has nearly six million enrolled share-holding members representing approximately one-third of all the families in Great Britain. "Its working capital," according to the Webbs, "entirely accumulated from its own membership in the course of its operations exceeds one hundred million pounds sterling. Its annual turnover of commodities and services supplied to its members reaches two hundred million pounds sterling." Wholesale and retail, the co-operative movement is no longer a purely distributive function. It owns tea plantations in India and Ceylon, wheat farms in Manitoba, the largest flour mills and boot factories in Europe, soap works, cotton and woollen factories, plants for the manufacture of a vast variety of food products and home utensils; besides its own ships, its printing works, and its furniture plants, it possesses its own banking and insurance services. The movement has extended from Great Britain to some thirty different countries, and it is estimated that for Europe alone consumers' co-operation comprises, in the aggregate, twenty million families. Here is self-help with a vengeance!

Producers, both in production and distribution, have been very successful in the application of the co-operative principle, but as that takes many forms, some of which in their present structure are just as anti-social as free competition, I propose to deal with it later. Meanwhile let us see what has happened to government protection of individuals and groups. This is an immense and growing field. For the sake of clarity it will suit our purpose best if we analyze its categories briefly.

The state has interfered to protect (*a*) the consumer, (*b*) the worker, (*c*) the producer or employer. The con-

sumer has been protected against adulteration and shoddy goods; a code of standards to prevent cheating in a variety of forms has been evolved. The state had to protect the consumer against not only dishonest competitive practices but also against his own ignorance. But above all the state in many countries has been obliged, reluctantly at first, to develop a code of protection for the worker. This code covers: (*a*) protection against the incidents of employment, *viz.*, insanitary arrangements, long hours, low wages, dangerous industrial environment both as to limb and health, *etc.*; (*b*) protection against the concomitant effects of industrial occupation—impecunious old age, widowhood, disabilities, unemployment, *etc.*; (*c*) protection against unequal bargaining by instituting regulations as to the manner and means of wage payment, by providing for industrial councils and trade boards, by arbitration, *etc.* This list could be extended, but if we get the broad principle behind this social protection and social control, we shall have correlated this function of growth with that of group self-help. The essential feature of social protection is that it amplifies and tends to supersede spontaneous self-protection. Originally intended only to *correct* the working of free competition as it affected children and women, who obviously had no equality in bargaining power, it has come to extend protection beyond the limits possible to mere self-protection. However helpful self-protection may be, there is much that it cannot do; this the state in most highly industrialized countries has been obliged to do. The one supplements the other. Together they have restored not only a manner of equivalence in bargaining power but a social *milieu* in which the worst effects of one-sided power have been curtailed if not entirely negatived. That a greater measure of

social justice has resulted, that the fruits of power production have been more diffusely enjoyed, that standards of living and standards of culture have been raised, cannot be seriously questioned. The important thing, however, is not the mere attainment of physical betterment for the mass of the people and the removal of a large part of the psychic and physical costs of social production and distribution; it is the gradual emergence of a social consciousness, a consciousness that comes not from the objective survey of social conditions alone but from a sincere appraisal of the ends of economic organization as a social tool. When we are pessimistic about what mankind is heading for, when we see nothing but the abyss, we are reckoning the debit side of our social balance sheet and we can make the debit appear incredibly large and formidable; when we are unduly optimistic, we are looking only at the credit side and counting our sometimes dubious blessings. Before coming to that I would say a few words about self-help in another direction.

Employers have complained of the bitter mercilessness of economic warfare as vehemently as any other economic group. They speak of cut-throat competition, of the wastes of the whole process, of the tragedy of overproduction and consequent bankruptcies, of risks, uncertainties, losses, depressions. All this is true. The momentum that free individualism obtained on the spring-board of machine production hid for a time the wastes, the losses, the risks. The growth of the corporation and the legal fictions by which it obtained a personality gave it, in some countries, the right to enter into its own protective arrangements just as consumers and workers were forced to do. There has grown up in consequence a consolidation of capital in a variety of

forms. We are faced to-day with tremendously powerful combinations, vertical and horizontal, aggregations of capital units that embrace whole industries and are often international in their scope. There are cartels, associations, pools, mergers, trusts, combinations, and cross varieties of all of these. Their object is the same as that which necessitated group protection on the part of other functional groups—self-protection. The aim too is, of course, the same, namely to obtain for their services as large a proportion of the national income as they can get. It is to this that the process of biological adaptation has led us—the substitution in each group of co-operation for competition while retaining competition among the groups themselves. From laissez-faire to functional group protection, that is to date the social by-product of the advent of machine production. Some countries are actually promoting this general "trustification" of industry. They see in this integration of competitive units a great reduction in the costs of production, a reduction also in the costs of distribution. They hope to be able to direct these economies to the pockets of the consumer in lower commodity prices while ensuring to the producer an adequate return for his services without the onus of wastes that arise from unco-ordinated production. Germany has probably led in this field, and Great Britain is attempting by government guidance and financial help to accelerate the movement towards rationalization in her coal and textile industries. The United States from 1890 has, with the object of removing so-called restraints of trade, attempted to hold up this development, though, by legal fictions and other convenient devices, the movement in the United States has progressed probably further than elsewhere. At present some two hundred American

corporations own forty per cent. of the corporate wealth of the country. The holding company has achieved what the consolidated amalgamation of units could not, under legal restrictions, bring about without costly and tedious lawsuits. But even the United States is now more conciliatory towards consolidation than formerly. Court decisions are allowing mergers of one kind and another, while the Transportation Act of 1920 and subsequent enactments actually make provision for the regional grouping of railroad systems. Even in banking, where the American tradition was in favour of the local unit as against branch banking, the tendency is in the direction of larger aggregates.

The consolidation of capital units, a movement characteristic of all highly industrialized countries, presents many problems. The chief problem is one of social control. Government will be forced to control these "states within the state" so that general justice may be done. The consumer must be protected. The worker must be protected. The bargaining power that the latter has painfully built up through five or six generations of travail may be rendered nugatory in face of such powerful financial resources as are possessed by these nation-wide trusts. If the worker, acting in concert with his fellow craftsmen, has been able to pit the low-cost producer against the high-cost producer and to gain a greater degree of bargaining force in consequence, he may be worse off now than before when he is faced not with individual producers, no matter how organized to meet labour disputes, but with one gigantic organization that lives, moves, and has its being as one unit. In the struggle for shares of the national income, it may well happen that the shares will be more disproportionately divided than heretofore.

The subversion of free competition between units, whether of workmen or of employers, has led, therefore, to a growth of co-operation on an unprecedented scale. A new kind of competition has eventuated, a competition between great self-help aggregations of producers, of workers, and to some extent, especially in Europe, of consumers. Underlying the whole social organism there is tension and strain of its functional parts. The biological adaptation to free competition under machine production and distribution, an adaptation in which co-operation has attempted to correct the worst incidents of competition, has brought about a new social alignment, a new type of competitive opposition, and the need for a greater consciousness on the part of the community of its implications. This is far more important than the dissensions about human beings becoming robots or not. The mechanization of humanity is not the biological form of adaptation that is most important. Indeed, too great stress is placed on this aspect of the machine age; it is true that probably five per cent. of the working population is machine-tied, that we are all more or less machine-minded, and that this is bound to have psychological and social by-products. It may be true that the emancipation of women from domesticity has led to greater moral mobility; that many people have not yet learned how to use greater leisure for their own mental or cultural satisfaction; that our insistence on materialistic standards, with their divorcement of the mind from naturalistic fears, may be reflected in a lower conception of worth, of human ends, of ultimate values; and that crime, crimes of violence and political graft, may be largely a by-product of these materialistic standards.

These, however, taken in the large, are but excres-

cences, superficial manifestations of the deeper sociological tensions inherent in our whole economic organization. Basically the struggle for income, for claims to future income, for control of the means to income, is the main factor. I have shown how this has led and is leading to a new alignment of social forces, to a new conception of social ends as a whole and to a greater consciousness of purpose. The process is further advanced in Europe than it is on the North American continent, where greater opportunity, greater personal mobility, and less staticism, combined with a later exploitation of natural resources, have made possible the postponement or at least the obfuscation of the underlying trend. But it is there nevertheless. Society will have to face it and determine what new manner of controls it will have to fashion for our economic machine. It is no longer a matter of whether government should or should not interfere with business—though business has always interfered with government—but what forms this interference should take as a conscious policy of economic direction.

Behind the degree and manner of interference lies the broad ethical concept of social good. We have to determine what is good for man not in any hypothetical age but in our age. In other words, we must make a factual appraisal of what is possible to us in the amelioration of economic conditions. If we still continue to think that the underlying tensions are good for us, that the balance of economic forces gives a rough measure of social justice, we must utilize the forces of society to prevent the maladjustments under the new alignment that took place under the old. We must see that the economies of unification do not disappear in economic rent, in capitalizations of earning power at the expense of the community, that the consolidations of industry are

not used against the consumer or against the worker, and that they do not entrench themselves as social parasites demanding and getting more for their social service than it merits.

All this involves the extension rather than the diminution of social control. Society through its institutions must stand as the guardian of economic justice. Above all, this implies a consciousness of the good and the bad that are in our social organization, and the will, no matter what group interests are involved, to direct modern industry to the end that the good in it be not lost but in every way promoted.

Though the machine was made for man and not man for the machine, we must keep in mind that the way we use it and the means we employ to control and direct it are themselves deep causes of social tensions and finally of sociological adaptations that predicate our cultural trend. Economic values must in the long run be subservient to human values. The supreme problem of our age, therefore, is how to control our machine organization in such a way as to make it a real tool for man's welfare. Cyclical fluctuations, symptomatic as they are of our inability to direct our economic functioning consciously and purposively, ought to remind us that for a large mass of people there is not simply an occasional depression but a chronic depression, a depression which includes not only under-employment with all its attendant social and moral repercussions but the psychic costs of labour—the fears of insecurity, of unemployment, of impecunious old age, of sickness, of pauperism. It is in these terms that we must evaluate our machine age and the culture it has brought us. Self-help and social help will still go on; biological adaptations must necessarily ensue; the struggle of economic groups for income will change social

stresses to new social alignments, and a new sociological pattern will always be in process of evolving. But it is doubtful if we can place reliance on such blind forces alone; they are responses to irritation stimuli and are capable of misdirection and unnecessary waste of energy and purpose. It is doubtful if in an age of science, an age of engineering technique, we can safely leave these forces to find their balance on their own account. That kind of laissez-faire or irrational naturalism is a thing of the past. Science in industry predicates science in its control also.

This implies a greater consciousness of economic means to social ends than we are capable of at present. It is not simply a matter of going somewhere somehow; we must be *aware* of where we are going and the best way of getting there. In such an event the forebodings of the gloomy philosophers that the decline of our civilization is imminent would not discourage us. Our culture would not depend on, or be a by-product of, the machine and the vagaries of its functioning: it would be free to use the machine and the science it implies as a means towards its own promotion and fulfilment. But perhaps that is too great a concession to the optimists.

THE USE OF PROSE IN ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

J. F. Macdonald

"WHENEVER the Elizabethans wanted to slow down for rhythmic purposes, or to concentrate attention, or to develop a convincing argument, they gave the wheel to prose." This airy generalization by Heltubada in Bonamy Dobree's *Histriophone* set me rummaging over some old notes on the use of prose in the English drama down to 1595. What I found in them made it seem worth while to put together the facts I had collected so that their bearing, especially on Shakespeare's use of prose, might be available for other students who, like myself, prefer the sober evidence of historical development to the fitful illumination of that dubious inner guidance which seems now to be fashionable in both religion and criticism.

This little paper is an attempt to answer the following questions somewhat more fully than anyone has yet seen fit to do: (1) When and why did prose come to be used in English plays? (2) What conventions as to its use grew up before the time of Shakespeare?

In these days of the prose drama it may be somewhat surprising to the layman in such matters to learn that, until near the end of the sixteenth century, English plays were written wholly in verse. The oldest surviving specimens of our drama, the mystery and miracle plays, have no passages in prose. A good many elementary histories of English literature make vague statements about the extempore use of prose by certain more or less comic figures in these old plays. It is stated, for instance, in one well-known book that the stage direction, "Here

shall Herod rage," evidently implies that the actor of Herod's part was free to extemporize as he wished, and would naturally do so in prose. A fairly careful examination of the standard editions of the York, Towneley, Chester, Coventry, and Digby plays has convinced me that this inference is quite erroneous. The stage direction, "Hic Herod irabit" is no evidence that the actor of the part was to speak extempore. The speech in which he is to "rage" is given, and it is in verse; the direction is evidently intended to guide the acting only. Much is made, too, in some text-books, of the standing quarrel between the actors of clown parts and the playwrights. The "locus classicus" on the subject is, of course, Hamlet's warning to the players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." Similar complaints about this annoying habit of the clowns are not uncommon in books that date from the early seventeenth century or later, but I have not been able to find any reference that is prior to the presence of prose in the printed texts of the plays. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it is almost certain that the use of prose by the playwrights preceded the abuse of it by the clowns.

It is true that we do find prose used in certain specimens of folk-drama, and that these folk-plays, in origin at least, are very old. In the so-called *Revesby Sword Play*, for instance, the long dialogue between Pickle-Herring and the Fool is wholly in prose.[1] This evidence, however, is not of great importance. We have no old manuscripts or

[1] *Specimens of the Pre-Shakesperean Drama*, ed. Manly, I, pp. 299-302.

printed texts of these plays. Chambers, who is probably the best English authority on the subject, makes the definite statement in his history of the mediaeval stage: "I have never seen or heard of a 'black-letter' copy."[2] Further, the comparatively modern texts that we have do not seem wholly reliable. The sword dances, Morris dances, mummers' plays, St. George's plays, and the rest of this class, practically all owe their existence in print to benevolent gentlemen of antiquarian tastes, who were forced to rely for their copies on the memory of someone who took part in the plays, or on their own hurried transcripts made while they watched the acting of English villagers and rustics on May Day, or at harvest time or Christmas. The sword play mentioned above, for instance, was copied down "at Revesby, October Ye 20, 1779." It is interesting to notice that Thomas Hardy's description of the mummers' play in *The Return of the Native* clearly implies that it was in verse throughout. And, of course, most of our modern texts are wholly in verse. Besides, it is evident that a listener might easily mistake parts of the rude doggerel for prose; further, it is not at all unlikely that what was originally verse might in the course of centuries, degenerate into prose, and comic dialogue is precisely the part in which this change would be most likely to occur. In any case, the effect of these plays on the regular drama is almost negligible, for, to quote Chambers again: "Modern drama arose, by a fairly well-defined line of evolution, from a threefold source, the ecclesiastical liturgy, the farce of the mimes, the classical revivals of humanism. Folk-drama contributed but the tiniest rill to the mighty stream."[3]

The morality plays, which gradually ousted the older

[2]E. K. Chambers, *The Mediaeval Stage*, I, p. 206.
[3]Chambers, *op. cit.*, I, p. 182.

mysteries from popular favour during the latter half of the fifteenth century, are as uniformly written in verse as were their predecessors. With the exception of half a dozen lines in a single play, there is not a scrap of prose before the last two decades of the sixteenth century. As Feuillerat[4] points out in his study of John Lyly, the one brief passage of prose occurs in the morality of Medwall entitled *Nature*, written somewhere about 1495.

It would require much more evidence than this single passage from Medwall to make good any claim that the use of prose in drama is a native development within the morality plays. Schelling states the facts of the case when he says that "if Gascoigne had the example of Sackville in his adoption of blank verse for tragedy, he certainly appears to have been the first to conceive the practicability of writing comic prose dialogue in English drama."[5] But we must remember that the Italian comedy which he translated was also originally written in prose. Obviously it requires less originality to venture on "comic prose dialogue in English" when the popular Italian comedy was itself in prose. Besides, the translation was made at a time when it was rapidly becoming fashionable to ape the Italians in everything literary. Cunliffe has an interesting passage bearing on the point in his edition of the *Supposes* and *Jocasta*. He says: "The English Puritan Gosson . . . shows by a passage in *The School of Abuse* that the new classical comedy was well known in London in 1579 and Gascoigne's *Supposes* was doubtless among the 'baudie comedies' translated out of the Italian he condemns in *Playes Confuted in Five Actions* (1582), though he refers specially to the London playhouses, and so far as we know, the *Supposes* was presented only at Gray's Inn in 1566, and Trinity College, Oxford, in 1582."

[4]A. Feuillerat, *John Lyly*, p. 310, footnote 7.

[5]F. E. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama 1558-1642*, I, p. 105.

The play seems to have had considerable influence even if it did not get on the boards at the public theatres. Farmer[6] long ago pointed out its influence on *The Taming of the Shrew*. Cunliffe[7] even ventures the suggestion that the example of Gascoigne may have influenced Spenser to write the "nine comedies after Ariosto's manner" which we learn of from Gabriel Harvey's letter. It seems more probable, however, that, if Spenser actually wrote "nine comedies after the manner of Ariosto," he was inspired rather by the rapidly increasing taste for all things Italian than by the mere example of that taste afforded by Gascoigne's *Supposes*. In fact, one feels that the acquaintance of travelled Englishmen with the Italian stage was rapidly breaking down the long-established English tradition of strictly poetical drama. Gascoigne's other prose drama, *The Glass of Government*, published in 1575, is a tiresome morality which apparently had little or no effect.

Lady Limley, "dowghter to my Lord Therle of Arundell," had translated into a prose version the *Iphigenia at Aulis* of Euripides, probably even earlier than 1566. The translation, however, was evidently only a kind of school exercise to keep up her ladyship's knowledge of Greek, and survives in a single manuscript copy. The next play written wholly in prose was Lyly's *Campaspe* in 1584. Nor is there much prose in any play between the *Supposes* and *Campaspe*. There is the barest hint at its use in Ulpian Fulwell's *Like Will to Like* of 1568-9. Ralph Roister and Tom Tosspot attack Nichol Newfangle the Vice, and according to the stage direction, "They have him down and beat him and he crieth for help."[8] Preston's *Cambyses*, licensed 1569, has

[6] *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*, ed. D. Nicol Smith, p. 201.
[7] G. Gascoigne, *Supposes and Jocasta*, Intro., p. xxiv.
[8] Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, III, p. 350.

a stage direction for a fight between Hob and Lob that is considerably more detailed: "Here let them fight with their staves, not come near another by three or four yards; the Vice set them on as hard as he can: one of their wives come out, and all to beat the Vice, he run away."[9] There may well have been some vigorous prose in the course of this action. We know nothing of the "two prose bookes plaied at the Belsauage, where you shall find never a woorde without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine," save this description by Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579. It is quite unlikely that *The Glass of Government* was one of the books, for it is hard to imagine Gosson praising anything of Gascoigne's. If the old Puritan is to be credited, the new classical comedy was popular, but we have no surviving texts of the kind he praises in the passage. In *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, played before the Queen at Windsor by the Earl of Derby's men, probably in 1582, we have the earliest example of the use of prose to indicate insanity or temporary distraction. Bomelio, whose books have been stolen in his absence, raves to Hermione in a half dozen speeches of from three to eight lines each.[10] The moment he is told his books are found and will be restored to him, he resumes the regular verse of the play. *The Three Ladies of London*, printed 1584, is written throughout, except for the songs, in couplets of irregular "fourteener" verse. There is, however, one little bit of prose where the judge administers an oath to the merchant:[11] Judge (Mercatore repeating after him), "Say: I, Mercatore, do utterly renounce before all the world my duty to my Prince, my honour to my parents, and my good-will to my country.—Furthermore I protest and swear to be

[9]Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, IV, p. 222.
[10]*The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VI, pp. 225-227).
[11]Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VI, p. 155.

true to this country during life, and thereupon I forsake my Christian faith—." From this time forward it is the rule to find oaths, legal documents, evidence at trials, and indeed the whole procedure of the civil law, given in prose wherever these are used in a comedy. Tragedies are still written wholly in verse. In *Two Italian Gentlemen*, entered in the Register, November 12, 1584, Pedante reads a letter[12] in Italian, written in prose. The rest of the play is verse, usually rhymed. One thinks at once of the contrast with Udall's earlier play, *Roister Doister*, where Ralph's letter to Dame Custance, which Andrew Merrygreek garbled so sadly in the reading, was written in couplets. By 1584, then, we have at least single instances of the use of prose in a letter, in a legal formula, and in the expression of madness.

It was in 1584, too, that *Campaspe*, the first of John Lyly's series of prose comedies, was "played beefore the Queenes Maiestie on newyeares day at night, by her Maiesties Children, and the Children of Paules." Lyly's importance in the history of English drama has been variously estimated. Ward, for instance, says: "His real service to the progress of the drama . . . lies in his adoption of Gascoigne's innovation of writing plays in prose; and in his having, though under the fetters of an affected and vicious style, given the first example of brisk and vivacious dialogue."[13] Tucker Brooke, on the other hand, thinks that "he illustrates a new phase in the relations between the English stage and the ancients. . . The mission of Udall and his fellows has been to bring the structure of English drama into conformity with Latin rule. Lyly takes upon himself the bolder task of forcing Latin story into harmony with native taste and contem-

[12] *Two Italian Gentlemen*, Malone Society Reprint, I, p. 445.
[13] Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, I, p. 159.

porary interest."[14] The use of prose, however, he thinks, "is patently the result, not of critical dramatic theory, but of the author's successful practice in another branch of literature."[2] "The employment of prose in comedy, purely casual in Gascoigne's translation of the '*Suppositi*', was in Lyly a deliberate effort at utilizing a special asset of the writer,—his popular euphuistic style."[3] No doubt the comedies are, broadly speaking, in "the popular euphuistic style," but they are by no means in the exact style of *Euphues*. Feuillerat passes judgment on that style in an epigram: "L'euphuisme est trop poétique pour de la prose; il est trop prosaïque pour des vers." This, perhaps, is a criticism too exclusively French, but even if it be true according to English standards, it does not take away from the importance of Lyly's contribution to the freer use of prose in the English drama. He wrote, in all, six prose comedies liberally interspersed with songs, and only one play in verse. Most of the plays came out in more than one edition, and we have other contemporary evidence of their popularity. It is quite safe to say that Lyly did more than any other writer to establish prose as a fit medium for the writing of comedy.

It is to be noted, however, that the practice of writing plays wholly in prose met with little favour. Indeed, the first instance of such a play after 1584, excluding Lyly's own, is probably *The Wit of a Woman*, printed 1604, of whose author or date of composition nothing whatever is known. On the other hand, prose is used to a greater or less extent in more and more plays from 1584 forward. Nor is it confined to comedy. Critics have attached so much importance, and quite properly, to Marlowe's employment of blank verse in *Tamburlaine*, that none of them seems to have paid any attention to the fact that it

[14]C. F. Tucker Brooke, *The Tudor Drama*, [1]p. 175; [2]p. 174; [3]p. 172.

is the earliest tragedy in which we find any prose. It is noticeable, too, that one purpose, at least, for which Marlowe uses prose has no precedent in comedy. A brief specimen will illustrate this:

"Tamb. Take it up villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them.

Usum. Nay 'twere better he kill'd his wife, and then she shall be sure not to be starv'd, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

Tamb. Here is my dagger; despatch her while she is fat; for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating."[15]

Marlowe perhaps felt that Tamburlaine's brutality had here something of meanness which removed it from the sphere of poetry. There is a certain grandeur in the very horror of his killing of the Damascus virgins; there is nothing but pettiness of soul in his torturing and taunting a helpless captive. The other use of prose in *Tamburlaine* we have had before. Zabina, finding that her husband has brained himself by running against the bars of his cage, raves in disjointed exclamations and then kills herself in the same way.

The immediate effect of Marlowe's use of blank verse has often been pointed out. Robert Wilson, one of the most prominent actors of the Queen's men, affords a striking illustration of how sensitive the playwrights were to changes in literary fashion. In the year following the production of *Tamburlaine*, Wilson wrote *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*.[16] Instead of the lumbering, monotonous, fourteen-syllable lines of his earlier *The*

[15] *Tamburlaine the Great*, Pt. I, Act IV, Sc. iv.
[16] Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VI.

Three Ladies of London (1584), he wrote most of it in ten-syllable lines, and introduced several speeches in blank verse. He also used prose freely though there was only the merchant's oath in the earlier play. However, it must be said that the prose smacks of Lyly rather than of Marlowe. This play introduces a distinction in the use of prose and poetry that is common, indeed one might say regular, in comedy after this date. Prose is used throughout in comic scenes and witty repartee, and verse in the serious dialogue. Moreover, there is the still more important distinction of having the lower-class characters speak in prose and the gentry in verse. The lords and ladies use prose only when addressing their inferiors. An occasional blank-verse speech of two or three lines comes in the midst of prose dialogue for no obvious reason, but on the whole the distinctions stated above are observed. The importance of the use of prose by Marlowe and Wilson is greatly increased by their connection with the public theatres. Marlowe wrote for the Admiral's Company, and Wilson, as already stated, was one of the best actors among the Queen's men. Up to this time, as we have seen, prose in the drama had been almost restricted to the private theatres. It will be recalled that Gascoigne's *Supposes* was played only at Gray's Inn and Trinity College, Oxford, and that Lyly's plays were presented by the Children of Paul's, or the Children of the Chapel, at Paul's or Blackfriar's, or at court. After 1590, however, the use of a considerable proportion of prose in plays performed at the public theatres became a regular practice. The limits and the technique of its use were later greatly extended, but the development was along lines of which the direction was clearly established.

Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, for example, has a much larger proportion of prose than *Tamburlaine*, most of it

used in comic scenes or scenes obviously intended to be comic. To this category belong the procession of the Seven Deadly Sins,[17] the misadventures of Robin the ostler and his fellow Ralph,[2] and the strange experiences of the horse-courser.[3] The bond with Mephistopheles, being a legal document, is in prose. So, too, is the conjuring in scene x, which is largely comic, but we have to note that the entirely serious scene where Faustus has Mephistopheles bring grapes in January for the Duchess of Vanholt[4] is also in prose throughout. It would almost seem as if Marlowe considered conjuring an unsuitable subject for poetry. If this be so, his practice failed to win the approval of his contemporaries, for no conventional use of prose in scenes of art magic established itself in the drama. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, for instance, has verse in scenes that are close parallels to these from *Doctor Faustus*. Apparently the despair of Faustus in the last scene, where the scholars try to comfort him, is felt to be almost madness and so finds expression in prose. But his agonized prayer when he is left alone is an example of Marlowe's most magnificent poetry. It would be against all "decorum" to use prose in addressing the Almighty.

The *Dido, Queen of Carthage* has no prose, and *Edward II*[18] has only a letter of a dozen lines. *The Jew of Malta*, however, has a considerable proportion of prose dialogue. This is almost wholly in scenes of low life, such as the bartering for a slave in the market-place, and the conversation of the courtesan, Bellamira, and Barabas's tool, Ithamore. These two and the debased nobleman, Pilia-Borsa, are the only characters who use prose, with the exception of Barabas, who drops his usual blank verse

[17]*Doctor Faustus*, [1]Sc. vi; [2]Scs. viii and ix; [3]The same explanation will apply to scenes ii, iv, vii, x; [4]Sc. xii.

[18]*Edward II*, Act IV, Sc. iii, ll. 27*ff*.

occasionally when speaking to one or other of the three.[19] In *The Massacre at Paris* there is only a brief prose dialogue between two men over the body of the murdered admiral in scene xi, and, in scene xix, the soliloquy of the soldier waiting for the victim he is to assassinate.

If Marlowe is to be given the credit of introducing prose into tragedy, it should not be overlooked that Robert Greene took up the new fashion in comedy, and did much to establish the conventions that were to govern the use of prose in the comedies of his successors. Moreover, his popularity would at once bring his practice to the attention of his fellow playwrights. The distinctions between the use of prose and verse are clear-cut in the comedies of Greene. In *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, Ralph, the fool, and Miles, the clownish servant of Bacon, speak regularly in prose. So, too, do the group described in the stage direction for scene iii as "Thomas, Richard and other clowns." In this scene the disguised Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, courting the fair Margaret, who is later to be his wife, speaks in blank verse, to which she replies in kind. Indeed, she speaks blank verse throughout the play, apparently in anticipation of the gentility that comes to her when she is made Countess of Lincoln in the closing scene. The earlier part of scene v is comic playing at low life by disguised noblemen; as soon as Friar Bacon reveals his identity and shows that he has pierced the disguises of the three young men, all the company speak in blank verse save Ralph and Miles, the "clowns" of the play. The same distinction between speakers of different rank is observed in *A Looking Glass for London and England*, which he wrote about 1590 in collaboration with Lodge. Nearly a quarter of this play is made up of

[19] *The Jew of Malta*, scenes in prose: Act II, Sc. iii, ll. 113-127; Act III, Sc. i, ll. 12-32; Act IV, Sc. ii, a few lines; Act IV, Sc. iv; Act IV, Sc. v, ll. 19-41; Act IV, Sc. vi; Act V, Sc. i, ll. 28-37.

sprightly prose dialogue in scenes of pretty broad, even coarse humour. Adam, the clown of the play, really a late survival of the old Vice of the morality plays, is the chief speaker, and all his fellows are low-life comic figures, foils for his wit and humour. The serious figures, such as Oseas and Jonah, and all the Ninevehites of high rank speak in verse throughout. There is just one interesting deviation from what we may almost call established usage. The usurer does business in prose but towards the end of the play is converted and repents. His new-found religious zeal, Greene seems to feel, should be voiced in poetry. A scene of the foreclosing of a mortgage, as well as the whole trial of the case, is also in prose.

The Pinner of Wakefield has practically the same distinctions between prose and poetry. George, the pinner or poundkeeper, uses prose to Jenkin, the clown, but to the three noblemen whose horses are in the corn he at once speaks in blank verse. There is here an extension of former usage. Even the low character speaks verse when he addresses a nobleman seriously. So strongly did Greene feel the propriety of this, that he uses it as a mechanical convention. The Kings of England and Scotland go north disguised as ordinary travellers to see for themselves the far-famed pinner of Wakefield. They happen on a rather turbulent street scene where everyone is speaking prose, but the shoemaker, although he has no idea who they are, addresses them in blank verse. There is no reason for the change from prose save the fact that it is kings who are spoken to and "decorum" demands the respect of blank verse. Later, when their identity is revealed, Jenkins alone retains his fool's privilege of speaking in prose. *Alfonsus, King of Arragon*, and *The tragicall raigne of Selimas, Emperour of the Turkes*, are in verse with the exception of one short comic scene in the

latter. *The History of Orlando Furioso* has considerable prose in comic scenes and illustrates Greene's use of prose in madness. Orlando, on the point of going mad, uses disjointed verse of irregular lengths. During his madness he speaks only in prose except for a blank verse challenge to combat and a long speech in extravagant compliment to the shepherd whom he mistakes for his lost love Angelica. When restored to sanity he again uses verse. *James the Fourth* has the same distinctions as *A Looking Glass for London and England.*

Little is added to the sphere of prose by the other plays of the period prior to 1595. Kyd followed the lead of Marlowe and has a couple of comic scenes in *The Spanish Tragedy.*[20] There is, too, the strangely moving scene[21] between the half-crazed Hieronimo and the painter where they lament the loss of their murdered sons. It appears to be a use of prose to denote a state of mind that is almost madness. *Cornelia* and *The Tragedye of Solyman and Perseda* are in verse throughout. Peele's contribution to prose in the drama comes wholly in *The Old Wives Tale* which, save for a few long speeches, is entirely a prose play in the manner of Lyly. Other plays of the period in which more or less prose can be found are: *Arden of Feversham* (1592), *A Knack to Know a Knave* (1592), *A Knack to Know an Honest Man* (1594), and Lodge's *The Wounds of Civil War* (printed 1594). If, as Hazlitt thinks, *Looke About You* was played "possibly as early as 1594," it would have to be added to this list. Of these, *A Knack to Know a Knave* is interesting because of "Kemp's applauded merriments of the men of Gotham." The comic scene of the reception by the Cobbler, Smith, and Miller, is decidedly tame in our version of the play.

[20]Sc. v; Sc. vi, ll. 40-103; Sc. vii, ll. 19-30.

[21]Sc. xii, ll. 102-172.

One is forced to conclude that the text is mutilated or that Kemp extemporized in acting the part of some one of the Gothamites. The plays use prose and verse in accordance with Greene's practice, and no one of them shows any originality whatever in its use.

It is apparent from this evidence that the development of prose in the English drama, though long delayed, was astonishingly rapid once it got under way. The earliest instance of the use of prose is the half dozen lines in Medwall's *Nature* towards the close of the fifteenth century. This germ, however, never developed, and so we may consider Gascoigne's *Supposes* of 1566 as the beginning. But if he had any imitators in the next two decades, their works are lost. Hence the real movement towards prose in the drama begins with Lyly in 1584. For a year or two no one seems to have followed his innovation, but with the appearance of *Tamburlaine* in 1587, the movement at once gets into full swing. Wilson follows Marlowe in the next year with *The Three Lords and Three Ladies*. Then come the rest of Marlowe's plays, Greene's comedies, the works of Lodge, Kyd, Peele, and various unknown authors. Thus within eight years after the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, prose is firmly established in both comedy and tragedy as a legitimate variation from verse in certain situations. Further, all the playwrights use it in so much the same way by the end of this period that it is easy to state the practices which have hardened into dramatic conventions.

The more important of these uses may be grouped under the following heads: (1) letters, which are invariably in prose; (2) oaths, bonds, legal documents of all sorts, and also court trials of civil cases in the comedies; (3) madness, distraction of mind, or even settled despair; (4) comic dialogue, and especially comic scenes from low

life; (5) the regular speech of the clowns, rustics, and lower characters in general, especially in comedy; (6) the regular speech in ordinary commercial business.

One cannot help asking how this sudden development in the use of prose was brought about. The answer, it seems to me, is to be found in the relation of the playwrights to the dramatic companies of the time. It is noticeable that Lyly's innovation was not at once adopted by others. The reason evidently is that his plays were written for the cultivated court circle and were played only at the private theatres. Marlowe, on the other hand, wrote for the Admiral's Company. Such a success as that of *Tamburlaine* naturally incited playwrights in rival companies to imitate the new features of the play. Hence we find Wilson of the Queen's men adopting both blank verse and prose in his *Three Lords and Three Ladies* in the following year. In June of 1592 "Edward Alleyn and his company," that is Lord Strange's men, played *A Knack to Know a Knave*, in which Kemp, to use the language of our modern stage, was the vaudeville star in his great prose scene. Even this slender evidence is enough to show how quickly the new idea was taken up by all the companies. Murray's *English Dramatic Companies* has a paragraph that is to the point:

"It is necessary to point out the close connection of the Strange-Chamberlain's, the Lord Admiral's, and the Earl of Pembroke's companies from 1592 to 1597-8. These companies were all, more or less, connected with the Henslowe-Alleyn theatrical ventures. Thus, in 1592, Feb. 19 to June 22, and 1593, Dec. 29 to Feb. 1, the Strange-Chamberlain's men acted at Henslowe's theatre, the Rose. When they were forced to travel during the summer of 1593, Edward Alleyn, a Lord Admiral's man, accompanied them as their chief player. While on the

tour Alleyn inquired of Henslowe about Pembroke's men, and Henslowe replied that they were in London in great financial straits. From June 2 to 13, 1594, the Admiral's and Strange-Chamberlain's men were both playing at Newington Butts. In October, 1597, Pembroke's and the Admiral's companies were both playing at the Rose. The relationship of these companies being thus intimate, frequent transfers of players and plays from one company to the other would be very probable."[22]

Here, then, are the causes that made possible the rapid adoption of the use of prose after its introduction by the brilliant group of university men, and that also made possible the equally rapid development of a set of dramatic conventions as to its use. These conventions, it will be noticed, depend mainly on two principles—the principle of decorum and what we may call the principle of ease. For it was doubtless felt that prose was easier to handle in comic dialogue. Probably, too, prose was felt to be more realistic in letters, in business, in any sort of legal affair, and in the expression of madness. That these conventions determined the general practice of dramatists, including Shakespeare, for the next generation would be easy enough to show, but such a demonstration is outside the scope of this paper.

[22]John Tucker Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, I, p. 62.

MOZART AND SALIERI

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

(*Translated from the Russian by A. F. B. Clark*)

Translator's Note:—One of the major divinities of European literature is still little more than a name to Western (and particularly Anglo-Saxon) readers. We all realize that what Shakespeare means to us, Dante means to Italians, Goethe to Germans, and Molière to Frenchmen. But, though we read a good deal of Russian literature, we do not seem to get the Russian perspective regarding it; we persist in believing that Tolstoy, or Turgeniev, or Dostoievsky must be the Russian Homer. Yet any Russian will tell you that Russia's greatest writer is Alexander Pushkin. One obstacle in the way of a closer acquaintance with Pushkin is the absence of adequate (or even inadequate) translations of most of his works. In order to contribute in a small way to the filling of this lamentable gap, I have translated what Russians regard as one of the masterpieces of their literature, Pushkin's dramatic fragment (or what he called "a Little Drama"), *Mozart and Salieri*. It is based on the legend (believed by the dying Mozart and still current in Pushkin's time, though discredited to-day) that Salieri, the Italian *Kapellmeister* at the court of Vienna, poisoned Mozart in a fit of jealousy. Pushkin's poem, which appeared in 1830, has served as libretto to an opera by Rimsky-Korsakoff. One other translation of it exists in English, but I have not seen it; it is not easily accessible. In my rendering I have aimed primarily at fidelity to the metrical form and terse simplicity of style of the original.

MOZART AND SALIERI

SCENE I

A Room

Salieri:

Men say: there is no justice upon earth.
But neither is there justice in the Heavens!
That's clear to me as any simple scale.
For I was born with a great love for art;
While still a child, whenever mightily
The organ sounded in our ancient church,
I listened, all attention,—and sweet tears,
Sweet and involuntary tears would flow.

Early I spurned all frivolous pursuits;
Studies other than music were to me
Repugnant; stubbornly and arrogantly
I turned from them to dedicate myself
To music only. Hard is the first step
And tiresome the first journey. I o'ercame
Early discomfitures; and dry technique
I set up as a pedestal for art;
Became a pure technician; to my fingers
I gave a docile, cold agility,
And sureness to my ear. I muted sounds,
Dissected music like a corpse, revered
The theory of harmony, as though
It were the laws of algebra itself;
And only then, tested and proved in science,
I ventured to indulge creative fancy.
I started to create—but secretly—
Not daring yet even to dream of glory.
Not seldom, having spent in silent cell
Two or three days, forgetting sleep and food,
Tasting the joy and tears of inspiration,
I threw my labours in the fire and watched
My thought and sounds—the children of my brain—
Flame up, then vanish in a wisp of smoke. . .
What do I say? When the great Gluck appeared
Revealing new, deep, captivating secrets—
Did I not then reject all I had learned,
All I had loved, and ardently believed,
And did I not walk bravely in his footsteps
Unmurmuring, like one who, gone astray,
Is bid by one he meets retrace his journey?
By vigorous and tense persistency,
At last, upon the boundless scale of art
I reached a high degree. At last fame deigned

To smile on me; and in the hearts of men
I found an echo to my own creation.
Then I was happy, and enjoyed in peace
My labours, my success, my fame—nor less
The labours and successes of my friends,
My fellow-workers in the art divine.
No! Never did I know the sting of envy,
O, never!—neither when Piccini triumphed
In capturing the ears of fickle Paris,
Nor the first time there broke upon my sense
The opening bars of *Iphigenia.*
Who dares to say that ever proud Salieri
Could stoop to envy, like a loathsome snake
Trampled upon by men, yet still alive
And impotently gnawing sand and dust?
No one!—But now—myself do say it—now
I do know envy! Yes, Salieri envies,
Deeply, in anguish envies.—O ye Heavens!
Where, where is justice, when the sacred gift,
When deathless genius comes not to reward
Perfervid love and Spartan self-denial,
And toils and strivings and beseeching prayers,
But puts her halo round a lack-wit's skull,
A frivolous idler's brow? . . . O Mozart, Mozart!

(*Enter Mozart.*)

Mozart:

Aha! You've seen me! Well, I just was hoping
To treat you to an unexpected jest.

Salieri:

You here! . . . How long have you been here?

Mozart:

A moment.
I started out to see you, and was bringing
Something to show you; but suddenly as I passed

The tavern, I heard a fiddle . . . Dear Salieri,
Anything funnier in all your life
You never heard! A blind old fiddler there
Was playing "Voi che sapete." Heavens!
I couldn't wait, I brought the fiddler with me
To entertain you with his artistry.
Come in! (*Enter a blind fiddler with his fiddle.*)
Now play us something out of Mozart!

(*The old man plays an air from "Don Juan." Mozart bursts out laughing.*)

Salieri:

And you can laugh?

Mozart:

Why, yes, of course, Salieri!
And do not you laugh too?

Salieri:

I do not, Mozart.
I do not laugh, when some poor, wretched dauber
Besmears a masterpiece of Raphael's painting.
I do not laugh, when some grotesque buffoon
Dishonours Dante with a parody.
Begone, old man!

Mozart:

Oh, wait! here's something! Take it,
Drink to my health. (*The old man goes out.*)
But, you, my dear Salieri,
Are not in happy mood to-day. I'll come
Another time.

Salieri:

What were you bringing me?

Mozart:

Nothing—the merest trifle. One night lately
I was tormented by my sleeplessness,
And into my head came two or three ideas.

To-day I put them together. I would like
To hear your criticism; but at present
You can't attend to me.

Salieri:

Ah, Mozart, Mozart!
When can I not attend to you? Sit down;
I'm listening!

Mozart (*at the piano*):

Just imagine somebody—
Well, say myself—only a trifle younger—
In love—but not too deeply—just enamoured—
With some fair lady—or a friend—say you;
I'm cheerful. . . Suddenly a ghastly vision,
A sudden darkness—or something of the sort.
Now, listen. (*He plays.*)

Salieri:

You were bringing *this* to me
And you could loiter at a common tavern,
To hear a blind old fiddler? God in Heaven!

Mozart:

What, do you like it?

Salieri:

What profundity,
What boldness, and what art of composition!
You, Mozart, are a god and know it not!
I know it.

Mozart:

Bah! Really? Perhaps I am—
If so, my godship is a starveling.

Salieri:

Listen; this evening we'll dine together
At the Golden Lion tavern.

Mozart:

Thanks, Salieri.
That's very kind. But let me just run home,
To tell my wife not to expect me back
For dinner. (*Goes out.*)

Salieri:

I'll await you; do not fail me.
No; no longer can I thwart my destiny.
For I am chosen to arrest his course.
If he lives on, then all of us will perish—
High-priests and servants of Euterpe's art—
Not I alone with my o'ershadowed glory.
And what will it avail if Mozart live
And scale still higher summits of perfection?
Will he thereby raise art itself? No, no,
'Twill fall again, when he shall disappear.
No heritage of genius will he leave.
Then what can he avail us? Like a cherub
He brings to us some songs of paradise,
And wakens in us children of the dust
A wingless longing—then he flies away!
Well, let him fly away! We'll speed his going!

This poison—my Izora's parting gift—
For eighteen years I've carried on my person,
And often since that day has life appeared
Unbearable to me. And I have sat
At table with my unsuspecting foe;
Yet never to the whisper of temptation
Have yielded, not because I am a coward,
Nor yet because I do not feel an insult,
Nor from a love of life. I always wavered.
Whenever thirst for death would torture me—
Why die? I then would muse: perhaps—who knows?

Life yet may bring to me unlooked-for gifts;
The trance of genius yet may visit me
And the creative night and inspiration;
Perhaps a second Haydn may create
Great master-works . . . and I'll rejoice in them . . .
While I was feasting with my hated guest
Perhaps, I thought, a still more loathsome foe
I'll find; perhaps a still more loathsome insult
Will crash upon me from a lofty height—
Then, then, your day will come, Izora's gift!
And I was right! And I have found at last
My enemy; at last a second Haydn
Has drenched my soul in raptures all divine!
Now—is the hour! O sacred gift of love,
To-day I'll pour thee into friendship's cup!

Scene II

Private room in an inn; piano

Mozart and Salieri (*at table*)

Salieri:
What makes you look so glum to-day?
Mozart:
Me? Nothing!
Salieri:
Really, Mozart, there's something on your mind!
The dinner's good, the wine is excellent,
Yet you sit silent, moping.
Mozart:
I confess
My *Requiem* is on my mind.
Salieri:
Aha!
You're working at a *Requiem*? Since when?

Mozart:

About three weeks. But a queer circumstance . . .
Didn't I tell you?

Salieri:

No.

Mozart:

Then listen now:
Three weeks ago I came home late one night.
They told me somebody had called to see me.
Now, why I cannot tell; but all that night
I thought: who can this be? and what's his business
With me? The following day a second time
He called again and found me not at home.
Next day, while I was playing on the floor
With my young son, I heard them call to me.
I left the room. A man, dressed all in black,
With courtly bow, gave orders I should write
A *Requiem*—and vanished. I sat down
At once and started writing. Since that hour
My man in black has never called again;
I'm glad of it; for I'd be loth to part
With my creation, though completely finished
The *Requiem* is. But meanwhile I . . .

Salieri:

Go on!

Mozart:

I feel a bit ashamed confessing . . .

Salieri:

What?

Mozart:

That day and night, my man in black does give
No moment's peace to me. Behind me ever
He hovers like a shadow. At this moment,
It seems to me, he's sitting at this table
An uninvited guest.

Salieri:

What childish terrors!
Dispel these idle fancies. Beaumarchais
Was always saying: "Listen, friend Salieri,
Whenever gloomy thoughts beset your mind,
Why, then uncork a bottle of champagne,
Or read *Le Mariage de Figaro.*"

Mozart:

Yes! Beaumarchais and you were friends, I know;
And wasn't it for him you wrote *Tarara*?
A glorious thing! There's one *motif* in that . . .
I keep repeating it, when I am happy—
La-la, la-la . . . Ah, is it true, Salieri,
That Beaumarchais once poisoned someone?

Salieri:

No,
I do not think so. Funny choice were he
For business such as that!

Mozart:

He was a genius
Like you and me. But villainy and genius
Are two things that can never go together.

Salieri:

You think so? (*Pours poison into Mozart's glass.*)
Well, now drink.

Mozart:

Your health, my friend,
I drink, and pledge that covenant sincere
That links the names of Mozart and Salieri,
Two sons of harmony. (*Drinks.*)

Salieri:

Stop, stop, I say,
You've drunk it all! . . . and waited not for me?

Mozart: (*Throws his napkin on the table.*)

Well, now I've had my fill. (*Goes to the piano.*)
Salieri, listen,
I'll play my *Requiem*. (*Plays.*)
What, are you crying?

Salieri:

Yes, these are the first tears I've ever shed.
I feel both pain and pleasure, like a man
Who has performed a sad and heavy duty,
Or like to one from whom the healing knife
Has cut a suffering limb. Friend Mozart, mark not
These tears. Continue playing, hasten quick
To fill my soul with harmonies divine.

Mozart:

If only everyone could feel the power
Of harmony like you! But no; for then
The world could not exist; no man would stoop
To care about the needs of vulgar life—
For all would give themselves to art alone.
We are a chosen few, we happy artists,
Despisers of profane utility,
Ministers of the true and beautiful,
Aren't we, Salieri? But now I don't feel well.
There's something weighing on me; I'll go sleep.
Farewell!

Salieri:

Good-bye. (*Alone.*)
You'll sleep a long sleep, Mozart.
But was he really right? Am I no genius?
Villainy and genius are two things
That never go together! That's not true;
What about Buonarotti? . . . Or was that
A tale of the dull, stupid crowd—and he
Who built the Vatican was *not* a murderer?

NATIONALISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

VERY beautiful, within reasonable limits, is man's love of the familiar and the local, and certainly American literature would be poor without those who have celebrated the forests and fields, the hearths and homes, the aspirations and victories, of the fatherland. Like everything else, however, this love of the local is a matter of proportion. And one may well raise the question whether, during the last half century, under the auspices of science, democracy, and realistic literary theories, American literature has not continued to grow disproportionately national, disproportionately concerned with scenes and situations exclusively local and American. This tendency is evident in the work of such writers as Whitman, Howells, and Garland, not to mention contemporaries such as Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis; this tendency is encouraged, and its extension urged and prophesied, by such critics as John Macy, Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Vernon Parrington, and Fred Lewis Pattee. Indeed, Dr. Pattee, surveying the last forty years, concludes, that "literature during this single generation of marvellous change departed so widely from all that had gone before that it stands alone and unique, that the soul of it and the driving power of it were born in the new areas beyond the Alleganies." What is the history of the problem whether American literature should be unique and distinctively national? What are the advantages and disadvantages of this quest of the unique rather than the universal, of the changing Many rather than the

unchanging One, our common humanity? With regard to this question American literary history appears to fall into three periods. Writers of and immediately following the Revolution agreed with Brockden Brown that "native writers" should deal with scenes "peculiar to ourselves . . . growing out of the conditions of our own country." Writers of the Golden Day agreed with Longfellow that "nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better." And contemporaries of Hamlin Garland agreed with him, for the most part, in holding that "American literature, in order to be great, must be national, must deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate." In short, one is tempted to raise the question whether, with certain qualifications, those recent critics who have masqueraded as prophets of a national culture have not led us back, essentially, to the provincialism which marked the adolescence of the nation. The wheel seems to have come full circle, and it may be time to look to other critical guides in our quest for a literature which will endure and for a way of life which will yield happiness.

First, let us glance at the similarity between literary theorizers of the Revolutionary Era and those of to-day. To eighteenth-century Europe, America was a land of dreams, promising, among other things, a new and greater literature: as George Berkeley wrote in 1726,

> The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
> Barren of every glorious theme,
> In distant lands now waits a better time,
> Producing subjects worthy fame.
>
> There shall be sung another golden age,
> The rise of empire and of arts,

The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Westward the course of empire takes its way.

Since, as Crèvecoeur said in defining an American, he is a "new man who acts upon new principles," a member of "the most perfect society now existing in the world," it was obvious that America must have a new literature, untainted by the past. Thus Philip Freneau, our first man-of-letters, exclaimed, with reference to the Mother Country,

Can we never be thought to have learning or grace
Unless it be brought from that damnable place?

And yet it was in part England's deistic faith[1] that divine revelation is found in physical nature—instead of in a book, as the Puritans thought—which turned our first poet to the actual life of the American fields and forests, to the common man, and to our struggle for an independent democracy, glowingly envisaged in *The Rising Glory of America*:

A new Jerusalem, sent down from heaven,
Shall grace our happy earth . . .
Thence called *Millennium*. Paradise anew
Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost. . .
No tempting serpent to allure the soul
From native innocence.

Thus Freneau pleaded that "instead of singing the bloody battles, and rehearsing the military praises of crowned murderers," American writers should celebrate "the republican virtues," their "greatest theme." And John Trumbull, spokesman for the Connecticut Wits, that

[1]See H. H. Clark, "Introduction," *Poems of Freneau*, New York, 1929.

militantly nationalistic brotherhood, was confident, as a prophet, that our native "bolder genius" was to hide

> . . . in brightness of superior day,
> The fainting gleam of Europe's dying ray. . .
> This land her Swift and Addison shall view
>
> Here shall some Shakespeare charm the rising age. . .

If Freneau and the Connecticut Wits wished to poetize the American scene, and Brockden Brown wished to novelize it—to restrict the novel to scenes "peculiar to ourselves—," Royall Tyler and J. N. Barker wished to dramatize it. Tyler's drama *The Contrast* (1787)—between the honesty of an American and the duplicity of a Chesterfieldian Englishman—heralded the extensive "Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays" chronicled by Mr. P. I. Reed; and Tyler prefaced his play by inveighing against "foreign climes" and by advocating "native themes," since "each refinement may be found at home." J. N. Barker's *Tears and Smiles* (1806), recently printed for the first time, carries on Tyler's nationalism in the character of Yank, while his prologue emphasizes his endeavour "to depict our national peculiarities . . . in their proper, native light." He continued his native themes in *Superstition*, based on the story of the regicides, found in Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*, and in *The Indian Princess*, based on the legend of Pocahontas.

If the foregoing writers derived their nationalism mainly from hostility toward an enemy country in a period of war and from changes in religious views, the Knickerbockers probably derived their nationalistic localism more from the example of that master of romantic

localism, the Wizard of the North.[2] Irving devoted his first book, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, to "local humours, customs, and peculiarities . . . binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home." He chronicled "the peculiar and racy customs and usages derived from our Dutch progenitors" which served as the "staple of local tales and local pleasantries." Despite his longing "to escape . . . from the common-place realities of the present" to the "shadowy grandeurs of the past," Irving, in "The Author's Account of Himself," found his native land unrivalled for natural loveliness:

". . . on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver, her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery."

It will be remembered that in *The Sketchbook*, whose preface pays homage to Irving's great good friend, Sir Walter Scott, the author, in such stories as *Rip Van Winkle*, dealt with the "goodliest scenes of the lordly Hudson," and with the Kaatskill Mountains "clothed in

[2]See G. H. Orians, *The Romance Ferment after Waverley* (*American Literature*, III, 408-31, Jan. 1932), and for discussions of the desirability of a distinctively national literature see Solyman Brown, *American Poetry*, 1817; W. E. Channing, *Remarks on National Literature, ca.* 1823; C. J. Ingersoll, *A Discourse concerning the Influence of America on the Mind*, 1824; Everett, in *North American Review*, XI, 423 (Oct. 1820), XIII, 20; Walsh, *American Quarterly Review*, I, 339 (June, 1827); and *National Literature* (*Christian Examiner*, VII, 269-95, Jan. 1830).

blue and purple." If Irving succumbed to the lure of romantic Spain and the "grandeurs of the past," it should be borne in mind that in his old age he returned to write of our western prairies as well as of his name-sake, the Father of his Country.

Among early full-length discussions of literary nationalism, Bryant's was significant. Since life is the same everywhere, since "wherever there are human nature and society there are subjects for the novelist," Bryant argues in his essay on *American Life and Fiction*, that an American's treatment of native themes, his "delineations of character and action, if executed with ability, will have a raciness and freshness about them which will attest their fidelity, the secret charm which belongs to truth and nature. . ." It is "a native writer" only that can "show how the infinite diversities of human character are yet further varied by causes that exist in our own country, exhibit our peculiar modes of thinking and action and mark the effect of these upon individual fortunes and happiness. . . It is only on his native soil that the author of such works can move confidently and fearlessly, and put forth the whole strength of his powers without risk of failure." "When we consider all these innumerable differences of character, native and foreign, with their infinite variety of pursuits and objects, this endless diversity and change of fortunes, and behold them gathered and grouped into one vast assemblage in our own country, we shall feel little pride in the sagacity or the skill of that native author who asks for a richer or a wider field of observation." Although Bryant as a poet dealt with universal themes such as death and immortality, as a literary theorist advocating a concern not with timeless and placeless likenesses but with "differences of character, which

grow naturally out of geographical situation," he foreshadows Whitman.

Although Whitman was himself in debt to Homer, Shakespeare, and the Bible, he wrote *Democratic Vistas*, as he said, to announce "a native-expression spirit . . . for these States, self-contained, different from others, more expansive, more rich and free," turning its "vision toward the future, more than toward the past," inspiring itself "with science . . . and the principles of its own democratic spirit only." As he summed the matter to us in *A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads:* "Modern Science and Democracy seem'd to be throwing out their challenge to Poetry to put them in its statements in contradistinction to the songs and myths of the Past." He would express, then, his "own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and aesthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying (with), the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America," since "in estimating first-class song, a sufficient nationality . . . is often, if not always, the first element." Herder, as Professor Kind has shown, developed the eighteenth-century cult of "original genius" on a nationalistic scale.[3] And Whitman concludes *A Backward Glance* by emphasizing "what Herder taught the young Goethe, that really great poetry is always the result of a national spirit." Taine-like, he is proud that the "*Leaves* could not possibly have emerged or been fashioned or completed, from any other land than democratic America. . ." And in the essay on *American National Literature* (1891) he indicates his devotion to a literature which avoids imaginative selection in the interest of the ideal and the universal, which seeks to be a "mirror" to social history: "First to me comes an

[3]See also H. H. Clark, *The Romanticism of Edward Young* (*Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters*, XIV, 1-45, Nov., 1929).

almost indescribably august form, the People, with varied typical shapes and attitudes—then the divine mirror, Literature."

Like Whitman, in poetry, Howells, in prose, as Professor Parrington says, "ascribes the rise of modern realism to the twin sources of science and democracy." In *Criticism and Fiction*, attacking the "mania of romanticism," Howells offered himself as the standard-bearer of realism, which he defined as "the truthful treatment of material." Whereas Scott is "false and mistaken" with "his mediaeval ideals, his blind Jacobitism, his intense devotion to aristocracy and royalty," the young democrat from Ohio argued that "the arts must become democratic, and then we shall have the expression of America in art." He finds the lack of distinction in American life, which seemed ominous to Arnold, "a source of inspiration." "The pride of caste," he said, "is becoming the pride of taste; but as before, it is averse to the mass of men; it consents to know them only in some conventionalized and artificial guise. . . Democracy in literature is the reverse of all this." One may agree with Howells's abstract devotion to "the truthful treatment of material," to "fidelity to experience and probability of motive," but one suspects that the "truth" he worships is not so much imaginative as scientific. It tends to be a non-qualitative truth. For he says the "true realist . . . cannot look upon human life and declare this or that thing unworthy of notice, any more than the scientist can declare a fact of the material world beneath the dignity of his inquiry." Thus the genial Dean of American Letters, like Whitman, strove to escape "the paralysis of tradition" and to usher in an original literature sired by Democracy and Science.

Of all Howells's disciples, probably the greatest was Hamlin Garland, who took up the critical cudgels for his

master in Boston and who was repaid by having Howells write a preface for his first book, *Main-Travelled Roads*. Whitman's clarion-call for "a prophetic literature of these States," contemptuous of the past and devoted to the changing aspects of modern democracy and science, is echoed in Garland's book of literary essays called *Crumbling Idols* (1894), especially in the chapter "Literary Prophecy." If, as Garland said, Whitman "helped make me what I am," still other influences were at work in his youth intensifying his interest in change, in progress, and in ephemeral means of relieving through outward means local suffering. "Under the influence of Spencer I traced a parallel development of the Arts and found a measure of scientific peace. Under the inspiration of Whitman I pondered the significance of democracy and caught some part of its spiritual import. With Henry George as guide, I discovered the main cause of poverty and suffering in the world." Thus, whereas humanists such as Dr. Johnson had said,

> How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part which laws or kings can cause or cure,
> Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
> Our own felicity we make or find,

Garland said, "With William Morris and Henry George [and he might have added, with Rousseau and Shelley] I exclaimed, 'Nature is not to blame. Man's laws are to blame'." Thus, in the first place, Garland illustrates the way in which humanitarianism inspired a local and nationalistic literature of agrarian protest against life "Under the Lion's Paw" of capitalism fattening on the unearned increment of land rent. In the second place, Garland illustrates the effect of evolutionary science in furnishing philosophic sanction for a literary concern not

with the changeless but with change, not with the permanence of tradition but with visions of the future. Just as Meredith, Garland's contemporary in England, had "adopted as fundamental to human life," according to Professor Oscar Campbell, the evolutionary doctrine that

> Change, the strongest son of life,
> Has the spirit here to wife,

so Garland said, "I am a disciple of Mr. Spencer," and hence he saw that "life is in continual process of change," that there should be "progression, and endless but definite succession in art and literature as in geologic change." "Men did not think . . . until the law of progress was enunciated." However, "this power of prophecy grew slowly, and the power of tradition grew less binding, until there came upon the world the splendid light of the development theory, uttered by Spencer and Darwin." Hence, with the decline of "the statical idea of life and literature"—the idea that there are any permanent elements in humanity and literature—, "the power of tradition grows fainter year by year." *Crumbling Idols* ends on this note of prophetic Americanism:

"Rise, O young man and woman of America! Stand erect! Face the future with a song on your lips and the light of a broader day in your eyes. Turn your back on the past, not in scorn, but in justice to the future. . . The past is not vital. It is a highway of dust, and Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare are milestones. . . Idols crumble and fall, but the skies lift their unmoved arch of blue, and the earth sends forth its rhythmic pulse of green, and in the blood of youth there comes the fever of rebellious art."

In *A Son of the Middle Border*, however, Garland tells how he derived "the principles which govern a nation's self-expression" from Taine, "pondering all the great Frenchman had to say of *race*, *environment*, and *momentum*," for, as Taine said, "every living thing is held in the iron grasp of necessity." Shortly after, Garland formulated his "great principle" underlying "a really vital and original literature": "American literature, in order to be great, must be national, and in order to be national, must deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate." "Thus Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Joseph Kirkland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary Wilkins, like Bret Harte, are but varying phases of the same movement, a movement which is to give us at last a really vital and original literature." Thus, while Garland and his school pretended to turn their backs on the past, while Professor Pattee says the driving power of the literature of the last forty years was born "beyond the Alleganies," what appears to be so original and unique and divorced from Europe is in part at least but one example of the outworking of eighteenth-century European doctrines, such as that, for instance, of "original genius" which was translated by the Europe of a later day (by Herder, Fichte, Taine, and others) into national and literary terms. Furthermore, Garland's "two great literary concepts—that truth was a higher quality than beauty, and that to spread the reign of justice should everywhere be the design and intent of the artist—" suggest the growing confusion between literature which, as a photograph of local reality, approximates social history, and literature which, as an imaginative selection of reality, aims to present a portrait of the unchanging aspects of normal humanity, transcending the idiosyncracies of time and place.

Recent prophets of a distinctively national culture have done little more than echo Whitman, Howells, and Garland. John Macy's *The Spirit of American Literature* (1913) found such poets as Longfellow "third-rate," exalted Whitman, and lamented that our writers "turn their backs on life" while "the whole country is crying out for those who will record it, satirize it, chant it." Randolph Bourne's *The History of a Literary Radical* (1920) attacked Arnold's doctrine of the community of noble minds in all ages offering us the guidance of the best that had been thought and said, and found that "our cultural humility before the civilizations of Europe, then, is the chief obstacle which prevents us from producing any true indigenous culture of our own." Although in general "there is no distinctively American culture," he recognized in "the poetry of Whitman . . . a national spirit," the study of which he recommended to those who would "express the soul of this hot chaos of America." "The only remedy for this deplorable situation," he concluded, "is the cultivation of a new American nationalism." "This cultural chauvinism . . . can hardly be too intense, or too exaggerated." Our great future critics, he thinks, will be those who are not "squeamish," who do "not feel the delicate differences between 'animal' and 'human' conduct;" they will be monists. He dreams of a "Trans-National America," but is obliged to "perpetuate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future." Indeed, as Van Wyck Brooks, his editor and chief disciple, concluded: "He was a wanderer, the child of some nation yet unborn, smitten with an inappeasable nostalgia for the Beloved Community on the far side of socialism." In *Letters and Leadership* (1918) Van Wyck Brooks continues the plea for the cult of original genius on a national scale, prefacing his book with Whitman's

statement that "our fundamental want to-day in the United States . . . is of a class . . . of native authors, literatuses. . ." "What we want," he says, "is the fullest and freest expression of every people along the lines of its own genius. . ." He deplores "this total absence of any organic native culture" and the fact that our literature has failed "to motivate the American scene," "to enlighten us as to the real nature of our civilization." Confident, in *America's Coming of Age* (1915), that "to be a sheer determinist is in all probability to have behind one the authority of the intellect," he blames the American environment, in *Letters and Leadership*, for the shortcomings of our writers. "What, then, is amiss with our writers? They are victims of the universal taboo which the idea of material success, of the acquisitive life, has placed upon experience." (Indeed, this is still another reason for modern disproportionate concern with the American scene: just as the humanitarian blames social suffering not upon the individual but upon outer laws and the environment and so turns his literature into social history, the literary determinist blames American life for his failure to write, and therefore turns to satirize or criticize his social environment.) Mr. Brooks goes on to attack Professor Babbitt's faith that a writer has the free-will to transcend the limitations of his environment, and he adopts the German romantic doctrine that literature is a sort of national vegetable, to be rooted "in the firm subsoil of its own nature." "The mind is a flower that has an organic connection with the soil it springs from." Thus Whitman—"himself a great vegetable of a man"—"precipitated the American character." What is needed, says Mr. Brooks, is "a new synthesis adaptable to the unique conditions of our life," since "each nationality has a special duty to perform, a special genius to

exert. . ." "Democracy and science, for example, have happened to us abundantly . . . but like children presented with shining gold pieces we have not known how to use them."

Those, however, who have accepted the challenge of Whitman's school to furnish a literary mirror to a uniquely national life dedicated to democracy and science, have confessed that such a philosophy ends in futility and despair. Garland, tracing the transition from the illusion of frontier hope to the disillusionment of a sordid reality—a transition "typical of the change in the West, and in America"—"perceived the futility of our quest," our national "tragedy and hopelessness." Dreiser, having read Darwin and Spencer and seen that evolutionary scientific doctrines of the "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest" offered a philosophic sanction for the ruthless superman in business—Jack London's "sea-wolf" in a tuxedo—undertook, in *The Financier* and *The Titan*, to trace his typical history in a typical American city, in Chicago:—

"this singing flame of a city, this all America, this poet in chaps and buckskin, this rude, raw Titan, this Burns of a city! By its shimmering lake it lay, a king of shreds and patches, a maundering yokel with an epic in its mouth, a tramp, a hobo among cities, with a grip of Caesar in its mind, the dramatic force of Euripides in its soul. A very bard of a city this, singing of high deeds and high hopes."

On this epic national stage comes Cowperwood, the Titan. Since man is merely "a mechanism," and since he has no responsibility, "his desires, struggles, deprivations, sorrows and joys . . . only . . . chemic compulsions," the Titan knew only "strength and weakness; right and wrong,

he did not know about these." As Dreiser said in *Dawn*, man is merely "an eating, savage animal, and in youth, often in age, his greatest appetite sex." Thus the Titan seeks to gratify his lust and his greed, his life being a series of seductions and crooked business plots. The picture of democracy is not flattering, since the People "little knew they were pawns in the game" of politics controlled by Big Business, by overlords of the underworld such as McKenty. Ultimately, this Titan, whose interests are "true and characteristic of the average human being" suffers only "the goad of a restless heart—for him no ultimate peace." Life, as Dreiser concludes, has "no importance." And in *Arrowsmith* Sinclair Lewis not only records, like Dreiser, the hollowness of democracy, as in the history of Pickerbaugh and his election to the Senate, but he sketches sympathetically the "religion of a scientist" in the case of Gottlieb, the superman of science. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, in the age of Darwin, he would

> . . . follow knowledge like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought,

inspiring his disciple, Arrowsmith, with "the thrill of uncharted discoveries." However, the fruits of monistic science, which is set up as the path to utopia, do not seem to bring spiritual peace or even a sense of the value of human life, for this mind, "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," holding that "all living things are physico-chemical machines," "doubted the value of reducing infectious diseases at all." "For he doubted all progress of the intellect and the emotions, and he doubted most of all the superiority of divine mankind to cheerful dogs, the infallibly graceful cats, the unmoral and unagitated and irreligious horses."

If space permitted, it would be interesting to sketch

the manner in which modern American poetry has sought, under the impetus of a monistic and scientific concern with the flux, to become distinctively nationalistic. For the Imagists' aversion to "cosmic poetry" should not blind us to the fact that their poetry is to a considerable extent the result and the record of naturalistic philosophic assumptions. In her preface to *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, for example, Amy Lowell, the Barnum of Imagism, says that modern poets agree only in their "revolt against the immediate past" such as "the frozen didacticism of Matthew Arnold." Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes "were English provincial poets in the sense that America was still a literary province of the Mother Country." "The so-called 'new movement' in American poetry is evidence," she holds, "of the rise of a *native* school." The War "has produced a more poignant sense of nationality than has recently been the case in this country of enormous spaces and heterogeneous population. . .We are no more colonies of this or that other land, but ourselves, *different from all other peoples whatsoever*." (No wonder T. S. Eliot, in reviewing the book, thought it "a most unfortunate thing that this all-American propaganda should continue!") "I only mean," Miss Lowell continues, "that the material conditions under which Americans lived—the great unoccupied spaces, the constant warring and overcoming of nature, the fluid state of the social fabric—all made a *different* speech necessary, if they were really to express the thoughts that were in them." Elsewhere she says of the modern poets that theirs was "a canvas so wide and sparkling, that something very like the dazzling tapestry of American life, thought, and activities, was obtained." "With all their diversity, there was a central aim which bound the group together. Conscious with some, un-

conscious with others, their aim was to voice America. Now you cannot voice one country in the accents of another. Therefore the immediate object of these poets was to drop the perpetual imitation of England." And furthermore, as Miss Lowell indicates in the Preface to *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, this programme of literary nationalism is to be carried out in terms of an imagism sanctioned by monistic science: "Modern poets . . . see in the universe a huge symbol . . . for nature is not now something separate from man, man and nature are recognized as a part of a whole, man being a part of nature, and all falling into a place in a vast plan, the key to which is *natural science*." This helps to account for the concern of modern poets with images of the flux, from Whitman down, and with a stark mechanistic determinism. In Amy Lowell's story of Evelyn Ray and "two stone men," who kill each other in their jealousy caused by this "lady of clay," the author voices her "sorry creed": no one is responsible, "for earth made stone and earth made clay;" and man's destiny is to become

> A handful of buttercups that sway
> In the wind for a children's holiday.
>
> For earth to earth is the best we know,
> Where the good blind worms push to and fro
> Turning us into seeds which grow,
>
> And lovers and ladies are dead indeed,
> Lost in the sap of a flower seed.

Thus does man become "a part of nature," a portion, as Shelley said, "of the loveliness which once he made more lovely," "rolled round," as Wordsworth said, "in earth's diurnal course, with rocks and stones and trees." Nor does Amy Lowell's futilitarian obsession with transience,

the fruit of founding life on the flux, differ markedly from that of Edna Millay, Ezra Pound, Edgar Lee Masters, or Carl Sandburg.

In contrast to the literary theory and practice of the Revolutionary Era and of to-day, based as they are upon doctrines essentially of the eighteenth century, stand the literary theory and practice of our "Golden Day," which go back, in the case of Lowell, to Dante, and in the case of Emerson, to Plato. Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson each experimented in youth with the doctrine of a local and unique literary nationalism, but each in his maturity came to stand for the universal rather than the national, for the One rather than the Many, for those aspects of life which men of all times and lands have in common rather than those aspects in which men and nations differ.

If one were to study the growth of Whittier's mind, he would find him successively emerging, I think, from literary romanticism, to humanitarianism, to religious humanism. Robert Burns taught him to see

> through all familiar things
> The romance underlying.

And according to Professor Carpenter, "Scott showed him that the richest poetical material lay in the legends of his country's past." Thus, in Whittier's first book, *Legends of New England* (1831), we find him pleading for the treatment of "the popular traditions and legends of New England . . . her green hills and her pleasant rivers." In 1832 he edited the *Literary Remains* of John G. C. Brainerd, whose poetry he found meritorious because it is "wholly American."

"He prefers the lowliest blossoms of Yankee-land to

the gorgeous magnolia and the orange bower of another clime . . . New England is full of romance; and her writers would do well to follow the example of Brainerd. The great forest which our fathers penetrated—the red men—their struggle and disappearance—the Powwow and the War-Dance—all of these are rich materials of poetry. . . We have mountains pillaring a sky as blue as that which bends over classic Olympus: streams as bright and beautiful as those of Greece or Italy, and forests richer and nobler than those which of old were haunted by Sylph and Dryad."

Whittier's essay on *Robert Dinsmore* continues the theme that "Yankee pastorals" are "sadly wanting in our young literature."

After 1833, however, with the founding of the Anti-Slavery Society, the "dreamer born" devoted himself more sternly to another sort of nationalism, to a humanitarian concern for "freedom and humanity," for the slave and the Union,

> Making his rustic reed of song
> A weapon in the war with wrong.

This is the period of his stirring abolition poems such as *Massachusetts to Virginia*. After 1840, however, Whittier gradually turned from the national to the universal, from outward evils to "the guilt within" and the "inner light." He concerned himself with the unchanging elements of human nature, with self-conquest, confident, as a religious humanist, that

> The dear Lord's best interpreters
> Are humble *human* souls.

Not man's earthly but his spiritual destiny, not the temporal but the eternal verities became his theme.

Much as he loved nature, the splendour of the grass, the glory of the flower, he recognized that

> beyond this masquerade
> Of shape and color, light and shade,
> Of dawn and set and wax and wane,
> The eternal verities remain.

In his essay on *The Beautiful*, prefaced by a quotation from Emerson, Whittier pleads not as he did in youth for a beauty mirroring an external and local reality but for the sublime seventeenth-century "beauty of holiness." "What is beauty, after all?. . . A light from within shines through the external uncomeliness—softens, irradiates, and glorifies it." After quoting Spenser, the devotee of the Platonic theory of beauty, Whittier continues, speaking of virtue: "There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace which passeth show, rests over it, softening and mellowing its features. . . Do you not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling-place?"

As I have endeavoured to show elsewhere,[4] Lowell, like Whittier, also developed through three phases—as a humanitarian, a nationalist, and a humanist—"rounding a whole life to the circle fair of orbed fulfilment." As a

[4] In *Lowell—Humanitarian, Nationalist, or Humanist?* (*Studies in Philology*, July, 1930), from which I have here plagiarized a few of my own sentences. In passing it may be noted that in *Nationality in American Literature* (*Marginalia*), Poe argued that "of the need of *that* nationality which defends our own literature, sustains our own men of letters, upholds our own dignity, and depends upon our own resources, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt." He regarded it as "questionable," however, that "an American should confine himself to American themes," and he sought to create and to criticize in the light of universal principles. Philosophically, Holmes revolted against tradition, but he held that "aesthetically speaking, America is after all a penal colony," that our writers can profit by not only our "couple of centuries of half-starved civilization" but by the rich literary tradition of Europe extending back to the ancients, "a still lakelet, a mountain tarn, fed by springs that never fail."

young abolitionist and utopian, seeking reform through outward means, he scorned tradition. Since "Humanity sweeps onward," and "Time makes ancient good uncouth," we should not "attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key." In the *Fable for Critics* he glorified our native writers, concluding, much in the modern vein:

> Forget Europe wholly, your veins throb with blood,
> To which the dull current in hers is but mud. . .
> By the scale of the hemisphere shape your designs,
> Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age. . .
> Plow, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, make all over new,
> To your own New-World instincts contrive to be true,
> Keep your ears open wide to the Future's first call.

After 1850, however, in a "country where everything seems shifting like quicksand," Lowell sought a "sense of permanence, unchangeableness." He devoted himself to the nationalistic hope, as in his essay *E Pluribus Unum*, that the mutable Many might find worthy perpetuation in an immutable One, a coercive Union. In this period he wrote his poems and his book of political essays in defence of a nation inseparable. A permanent nationality, the mutable Many embraced by an immutable One, "the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we are"—that is the thought which lends moral and imaginative splendour to the *Commemoration Ode*. The sensuous life of the individual is "dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud," and yet man craves a changeless peace, "a high immunity from Night:"

> Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
> Into the silent hollow of the past;
> What is there that abides. . .?

Whatever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong. . .
Where nought abiding is but only Change. . .

And then he glimpses "some more noble permanence" born of man's aspiration and of man's sacrifice for the organic continuity of the nation as an imaginative and vital reality:

'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men. . .

The Many who have laid down their lives for the perpetuation of the One, the Union, are "secure from change in their high-hearted ways:"

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night. . .
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense,
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of unregenerate years.

Nobly as Lowell kept "measure with his people" in the dark days of civil strife, we should not fail to notice his tendency even at this time to neglect tradition and to rely not only upon a temporal but upon a contemporary order. In the Introduction to *The Biglow Papers* (1862) the nationalist calls for "an original literature," embody-

ing our "national ideal," which, although America is "utterly orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity," in the "ordinary talk of unlettered men" will surpass in vividness "that of any other people I have seen." Indifferent to the guiding and moulding power of mankind's literary heritage, this "original literature" will merely "suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk." And he ended his volume of political essays confident that "we have only to be unswervingly faithful to what is the true America of our hope and whatever is American will rise from one end of the country to the other instinctively to our side, with more than ample means of present succour and of final triumph." On this faith the corruption of Grant's administration was an ironical commentary.

After 1867, therefore, Lowell focused his attention not upon the outer life of the nation but upon the inner life of the individual, true to the humanistic hope that the individual may find happiness through self-conquest, through inner reform, guided by an imaginative synthesis of human ideals embodied in the literary record of the experience of the race. Although he increasingly respects tradition, and especially the Greeks, the Romans, Dante, and Shakespeare, he never "dotes on tradition," never tries "to raise a defunct past," his effort being to integrate the past and the present, to bring the past "to bear with all its plastic force upon our wholly new conditions of life and thought." He becomes increasingly indifferent toward "an original literature" which exalts uniqueness. "Originality," he comes to believe, "does not consist in a fidgety assertion of selfhood, but in the getting rid of it altogether." "What we call originality seems not so much anything peculiar, much less anything odd, but that quality which touches human nature at most points

of its circumference." Thus Lowell finally agrees with Emerson that the writer should concern himself with those qualities which make mankind one, rather than those which make them many. Much as he loved his native land and loyally as he served it, his final allegiance is to "an invisible and holier fatherland," transcending the limits of time and space. In a late essay on *Poetry and Nationality*, which contains what is probably an oblique reference to the Good Gray Poet, Lowell advocates, in contrast to his view in *The Fable for Critics*, a literature which will transcend nationality in its universality:

"If we are ever to have a national poet, let us hope that his nationality will be of this subtile essence, something that shall make him unspeakably nearer to us, while it does not provincialize him for the rest of mankind. . . The novel aspects of life under our novel conditions may give some freshness of color to our literature; but democracy itself, which many seem to regard as the necessary Lucina of some new poetic birth, is altogether too abstract an influence to serve for any such purpose. . . Of the sham-shaggy, who have tried the trick of Jacob upon us, we have had quite enough, and may safely doubt whether this satyr of masquerade is to be our representative singer. . . The themes of poetry have been pretty much the same from the first; and if a man should ever be born among us with a great imagination, and the gift of the right word—for it is these, and not sublime spaces, that make a poet—he will be original rather in spite of democracy than in consequence of it, and will owe his inspiration as much to the accumulations of the Old World as to the promise of the New. . . Literature tends more and more to become a vast commonwealth, with no dividing lines of nationality."

Like Whittier and Lowell, Longfellow also began, as in his address in 1825 on *Our Native Writers*, by championing a distinctively American literature. He rejoices that in isolation "we are thus thrown back upon ourselves: and thus shall our native hills become renowned in song, like those of Greece and Italy." Our main hope, he goes on to say, is in the possession of "high mountains" and "pleasant valleys," such is the potency of "the influence of natural scenery in forming the poetical character!" This plea for an original and localistic literature Longfellow reiterated in his essay *The Defence of Poetry* (1832), which urged that American writers "should be more original, and withal more national. It seems every way important, that now, whilst we are forming our literature, we should make it as original, characteristic, and national as possible." Without this aspiration, Longfellow might not have given us *Evangeline*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Hiawatha*, and some of the *Tales from the Wayside Inn*. In 1849, however, in *Kavanagh*, Longfellow, like Whittier and Lowell, turned against his earlier programme. Although the passage in question is dramatic, it may be taken to represent the author's own views since it is merely a revision of a passage in his correspondence of July 24, 1844:

" 'I think, Mr. Churchill,' said he [Hathaway], 'that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers—commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleganies, and the Great Lakes!. . . In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!'

'Precisely,' interrupted Mr. Churchill; 'but excuse me!—are you not confounding things that have

no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world, than of the physical, is it not?—that of the internal, rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. . .'

'But at all events,' urged Mr. Hathaway, 'let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing.'

'On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal'."

It is true that Emerson said that we had listened too long to "the courtly voices of Europe," that he disliked the abuse of books by antiquarians, but that is only part of the story. His real attitude toward tradition is suggested in his essay *History*, which develops the Platonic theme that "the mind is one, and nature is its correlative," and that consequently our main concern should be with the unchanging One, the characteristics which men in all ages have in common, rather than with the changing Many, the idiosyncrasies which make men different. A genuine book being an organic expression of a man who has risen above the uniqueness of himself and his age to the plane of "the universal mind," Emerson valued not so much an antiquarian quest of the mutable particulars of literary or social history as the perception

of the extent to which a book reveals this "universal mind," the human law. Thus he has no hostility toward the past when it is "rightly used," when it is subjected to "creative reading," when, genius being "a larger imbibing of the common heart," "the great poet makes *us* feel our *own* wealth," and *we* are "born into the great, the universal mind." In common with thinkers of the Christian tradition he finds that a "dualism is always present," and he sharply severs the "law for thing" from the "law for man," unlike the monists of to-day. He is aware of "the eternal distinction between the soul and the world," aware that a founding of life upon the stream of sensation, upon "one condition of nature, namely motion," results in "uneasiness" and despair. Unlike Garland and those disciples of the evolutionists who see nothing changeless above a sea of change, Emerson, as a dualist, founded his life upon that "which changes not, which ranks all sensations and states of mind." As a dualist, he urges that we should "not take counsel of flesh and blood but of the law, alive and beautiful, which works over our heads and under our feet. Pitiless, it avails for our success when we obey it, and for our ruin when we contravene it." To Emerson, determinism, the gospel of our contemporary naturalists, was "a sty of sensualism." He dedicated himself to a free-willed quest of "the holier life-within-life," of permanent human elements common to everyone, the cultivation of which gave him that sweet serenity, that "cheerfulness and courage" which Arnold pronounced the outcome of his philosophy, "his abiding word for us."

As a result of these considerations it should be evident that those modern critics who are devoted to the unchanging elements of our universal humanity rather than to the unique aspects of an external environment, are not

advocating a mere novelty but a combination, somewhat more unified and logical and critical, of the central currents of American literary theory and practice. For these, to use Lowell's phrase again, have been in the past loyal to "a holier and invisible fatherland" which includes America by transcending it, and which rewards its citizens not with a deterministic thraldom to matter or an idiosyncratic environment culminating in futility and despair, but with a philosophic liberation culminating in spiritual serenity.

THE EXILE OF HENRY JAMES

LEON EDEL

AMERICAN criticism, always tending to be self-conscious, has latterly been pre-occupied with the problem of Henry James's expatriation. The novelist, it will be remembered, left the United States in 1883 and did not return for twenty years; and then only for a short visit. Was this self-imposed exile—and we must be careful in using the word, for James, surely, never thought himself an exile—premeditated, or was it forced upon him by a hostile American environment? Was it the exile of a Turgeniev who followed a woman into Europe, or the exile of a Byron who fled England's shores on his extraordinary pilgrimage? In truth it was neither. James did not leave America because he could not create there: he went to Europe because he *could* create in Europe. And this is very important.

It is very important because critics seem to have missed just this point. There is no reason for seeking behind facts, determining hidden motives, in the manner of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. There is no reason for pointing to the arid, pre-industrial United States as no home for the artistic consciousness, in the manner of Mr. Matthew Josephson. The facts are written large in the circumstances of Henry James's life, and they apply, logically enough, to the problem of our Canadian artist to-day. There is little difference, it might be said, between the Boston of 1875 and the Toronto of 1933; and the analogy holds true between New York and Montreal.

Yes, James went to Europe because he belonged there. He possessed the restlessness of a citizen of the world. It had nothing whatever to do with his Americanism.

Even his close friend, W. D. Howells, erred on this score when, in his dying moments, he tried to write an article on the Americanism of Henry James and justify his exile on grounds of health and climate.

The Canadian artist will continue to go abroad for the same reasons that James did. A more subtle, a more finished civilization beckons—a more critical civilization. And for some artists—those who are subject to environment and atmosphere and require stimulus from the outside—it is impossible to resist that beckoning hand. Expatriation is inevitable as long as a Canadian criticism is lacking and the cold provincial air of our cities is filled with conflicts between philistinism and the mildest form of individuality; as long as there are squabbles between critics and orchestra conductors, and our authors think in terms of associations and co-operative book-marketing, our Canadian artists will go abroad and discover only too often that a Canadian heresy is a European platitude.

* * *

There is another side to the question. There will be some artists who prefer to remain on this side and fight, and be crusaders, and seek self-expression in a hostile industrialized environment; or, if not hostile, at least an environment where wrong values are often placed on creative effort. There are some—Robert Choquette is such a one—who are anxious to turn their backs on Europe and wish to push their roots deeply into the Canadian soil; who are afraid to venture abroad lest the strong homely flavour of their work receive the breath of an older and—to them—more tarnished civilization. Be that as it may. We have before us the case of Henry James.

Unlike Mozart, who could write symphonies while he

played billiards and chatted amiably, unlike Emily Dickinson or Jane Austen, who could live in a circumscribed world with their amazing intuitions, Henry James required the stimulus of place and time. It took much history to make a little literature, said Henry James, and the writer had to be in the thick historical current of his own time. His exposed nerves had to reflect his immediate surroundings; his discontent and eternal self-analysis and introspection came in a life of movement, of contacts—not a turbulent life by any means—but one which flourished only in the rich air of a complex and subtle civilization, in which the creative artist could seek the nuance within the nuance, the picture within the picture.

Henry James was born in New York, at 2 Washington Place. He came of pioneer stock—not the sort that clear backwoods and fight Indians, but those who grow up with cities and found banks and accumulate worldly goods. He grew up in cities that were growing rapidly, but he was not allowed to grow with them for long. "Considering with much pity our four stout boys," wrote his father to Emerson, "who have no playroom within doors and import shocking bad manners from the street, we gravely ponder whether it wouldn't be better to go abroad for a few years with them, allowing them to absorb French and German and get such a sensuous education as they cannot get here."

A sensuous education! Heresy! Henry James, Senior, libertarian, Swedenborgian, seeking the true relationship between mankind and its Creator, lost no time in going to Europe, lost no time in transporting his boys to the sacred grounds of tradition and refinement, away from the morally crushing New York, the narrow, soul-confining New England. There was Paris with Napoleon

perched on top of the column in the Place Vendôme; there was a summer in Calvinistic Geneva; there was London with its innumerable theatres; there was Paris again with its long galleries and enormous paintings, the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and the quiet symmetry of the Rue de Rivoli; there was Boulogne-sur-Mer where Henry went to a small *collège* and ran to the corner pastry-shop in the company of a young French lad, with an upturned nose, and an enormous appetite for *babas* and criss-cross tartlets, a young French lad who grew up to be Coquelin, and whom James admired enthusiastically during those magnificent evenings he later spent in the Rue de Richelieu at the Comédie Française. Then there was an American interlude, and in 1859 a winter at Geneva, at school, and a summer in the home of a professor at Bonn. Europe had become a great adventure, a real and vital experience. It remained that to the end.

James's childhood, then, his adolescence, the most impressionable years of his life, were spent in Europe. Is it any wonder that the memories lingered; that forever afterwards he was to feel at home in Europe, as one who returns to the scenes of his childhood? The exile of Henry James? Surely it is wrong to speak of "exile." James was an exile only when he was in America. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks places much emphasis on James's restlessness in Europe. Does it then follow that he would have been less restless in America? No, his European adventure was that of an internationally-minded individual, one who could not be bound down to one locality and one scene. He did make an effort to be an American, but it was not very successful. Back in New England he mingled with the literati; he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* and discussed literature with Howells in the cold autumn days in Cambridge. But this phase did not last

long. In 1868 he writes that another journey to Europe "has ceased to look positively and aggressively impossible." In March of 1869 on a gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning he is in Liverpool. The mature young man re-discovers Europe.

There are trips forward and backward. Italy opens up a new world. "At last—for the first time—I live!" writes the passionate pilgrim from Rome. "For the first time I know what the picturesque is. . . . I have looked along the grassy vista of the Appian Way and seen the topmost stonework of the Coliseum sitting shrouded in the light of heaven, like the edge of an Alpine chain. I've trod the Forum and I have scaled the Capitol. I've seen the Tiber hurrying along, as swift and dirty as history! From the high tribune of a great chapel of St. Peter's I have heard in the papal choir a strange old man sing in a shrill unpleasant soprano. I've seen troops of little tonsured neophytes clad in scarlet, marching and countermarching and ducking and flopping, like poor little raw recruits for the heavenly host. In fine, I've seen Rome. . ." He went "reeling and moaning thro' the streets in a fever of enjoyment . . . it makes Venice, Florence, Oxford, London, seem like little cities of pasteboard. . ."

There was no question of America after that. The little seeds sown during his boyhood and youth had burst into flower. Years later, in one of his prefaces which the critics somehow seem to have missed although it clearly states the case, James left no doubt why everything pointed to a permanent residence in Europe. The nostalgic cup of European experience, he said, had been applied to his lips before he was conscious of it; the European barb was deeply buried in his breast and would never be extricated. James went to Europe because he belonged there.

* * *

What would he have written of the American scene had he remained at home? It is difficult to say; but in the fact that he wrote of the world he knew, we can see that the man was conscious of limitations; that he picked his subject from the garden of life—and that garden for James was the international scene. The American in Europe—there was the world he knew and knew intimately. He was the first to realize what a great and splendid drama is played between two continents—what dramas within dramas there are in the American and European scenes. He created what he himself later called the great "Americano-European legend." Unlike Turgeniev, whom he met and admired in Paris, he did not feel the need of returning periodically to his native land to take on light and air for his exile. James could no longer write in his native land. He became an inspired cosmopolite, a European. Of course this meant that he might be unhappy wherever he went; he was critical, and conscious of national characteristics and national deficiencies; there was a continual feeling of unrest. It was not until the late eighteen-nineties, when he found himself his quiet corner in Rye, in Sussex, that he secured the spiritual peace he wanted. He found it in his art, an art that *was* (for him) life; an art which had its roots in the desire for perfection—in this we must put him with Bach, with Pope, with Flaubert.

Let us look for a moment at these European years. In 1875 we find him at 29 Rue de Luxembourg, now Rue Cambon. He has met Turgeniev, and through him Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Maupassant. There are Sunday afternoons at Flaubert's with talk of "art, form, manner;" there are Sunday evenings at Madame Viardot's with Ivan Turgeniev prancing about on all fours playing charades. "Fancy Longfellow,

Lowell or Charles Norton doing the like," he writes to his father, "and every Sunday evening!" For a while Henry James is content. Howells, remaining in the quiet of Cambridge, Massachusetts, rejoices in the homely pleasures of its life. His letters to James inform the expatriate that President Grant has kissed his daughter at a public ceremony, that they have had an outing to Lexington, whither they went by horse and buggy, that he is dining with the local celebrities, the Nortons, the Perrys, the Lowells; that he has become the friend of Samuel Clemens. James in turn writes to Howells of Paris, of Flaubert and Zola and the venerable Turgeniev, and he interrupts his letter to visit Flaubert, where for an hour he discusses Zola, whose newest work has been censored, and on coming out encounters Zola himself on the staircase, "pale and sombre," mounting to pay his respects to the author of *Madame Bovary*. Here were things that meant more to James than dinners with the Perrys and the Lowells, more than outings to Lexington and ceremonies involving the president of the United States.

Why did James like Paris? We can read over his shoulder as he writes to Howells: "*The great merit of the place is that one can arrange one's life here exactly as one pleases.*" It was enjoyable while it lasted . . . and then he writes to his brother William: ". . . my last layers of resistance to a long encroaching weariness and satiety with the French mind and its utterance has fallen from me like a garment. I have done with 'em forever." And he goes to England. He goes to England but returns to Paris periodically to "get a lift" out of the English air, to see a good play at the Théâtre Français, and enjoy those easy-going Parisian amenities which came to mean so much to him.

* * *

He is in England. He dines out. He is constantly dining out, and talking, and being received, but spending also long hours with his work. Slowly but surely he becomes a contented Londoner. The Londonizing process is pleasing. He can write all-assuredly in his life of Hawthorne: "The flower of art blooms only where the soil is deep . . . it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature . . . it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion. American civilization has hitherto had other things to do than to produce flowers and before giving birth to writers it has wisely occupied itself with providing something for them to write about." Is this not something of a justification of his own work, his exile? He had come to a complex civilization; he wanted to describe it. He could not longer be satisfied with the simplicity of American life. *Washington Square*, one of his few American novels, seems to him bare, poor, meagre.

But continental life! That was another matter. Here he could paint with a full, rich brush. This was the period in which James produced those clear-cut early works, the tales of Americans in Europe, the charming *Daisy Miller*, which for an all-too-brief period made him a lion in London, *The American*, *Four Meetings*, *The Madonna of the Future*.

"We are the disinherited of art!" shouts the poor unhappy exile in the *Madonna*. "We are condemned to be superficial. . . The soil of American perception is a poor, little, barren artificial deposit. Yes! We are wedded to imperfection. An American to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense; we have neither taste nor tact, nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish

climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstances, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist, as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so! We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

Surely James had felt this himself. He painted these exiles. He painted vivid and dramatic pictures of helpless Americans lingering in *pensions*, of clashes of point of view between the naïve American and the complex European. Oh, he was conscious of the shortcomings of Amercan life. He was an outsider looking on. An inferiority complex, perhaps, but assurance and ease came rapidly as he found himself accepted everywhere. He could be an authoritative critic of Americans and American life; and he could just as easily be a critic of European life. He became, indeed, a subtle, an extraordinarily subtle critic.

* * *

James was not the only exile. There was William Wetmore Story who had preceded him, who had thrown away an important career in law to go to Rome on a hazardous adventure. He had set up a studio and wanted to become a sculptor. He became, indeed, a celebrated sculptor, and a celebrated European. The story of his friendship with the Brownings is yet to be chronicled fully. There was Washington Allston, an American painter, who went abroad and spent twenty years over a mythical canvas, *Daniel Before Belshazzar*, which in the end was nothing more than the relic of a great effort. There was James McNeill Whistler, debonair, gay, sharp-witted, working in the geodetic survey at Washington, attending West Point, and finally fleeing the United States, never to return, fleeing to become a

celebrated painter in the Quarter, living the Parisian life of the time to the full and then going to London and fighting, fighting all the time with his contemporaries, suing Ruskin for libel, tripping up the nimble-witted Oscar Wilde, and generally winning out, a gay, easy-going individual, but believing at bottom in his art with the same intensity and fervour as James. There was Henry Adams, a spiritual expatriate who lost himself in the Middle Ages and chronicled the history of French cathedrals. "The generation between 1865 and 1895," he wrote, "was already mortgaged to the railways and no one knew it better than the generation itself." How beautifully this applies to Canada to-day!

In the eighteen-nineties Henry Harland comes from America and founds *The Yellow Book*, F. Marion Crawford is in Italy, Bret Harte is in Scotland, Harold Frederic is a successful journalist in London, Stephen Crane has crossed to England to live out a brief exile before dying on the continent. Stuart Merrill is in Paris writing French poetry, and Francis Vielé-Griffin also—and Henry James is in Rye, a colossal and lonely figure. England, the continent, America—the play of life between two continents, the conflict between the old and the new,—he has measured it fully, he holds it in the palm of his hand.

He is turning over in his mind the possibility of a trip to America. What would he re-discover in that far-away world, a world he left behind him twenty years earlier?

Like Rip van Winkle, Henry James surveyed the sky-scrapers ". . . standing up to view," he later wrote, "like extravagant pins in a cushion, already over-planted and stuck in as in the dark, anywhere and anyhow. . ."

He spent a year in America. He travelled east and west and north and south. And then he returned to Rye,

and wrote to Hugh Walpole, "It is art that *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process. . ." The War came and blotted out everything. How could art thrive in a war-torn world? The first two years of conflict rolled by. James lived in a nightmare. Impatient with his countrymen, he became a British subject. They conferred the O.M. on him as he lay on his deathbed. Viscount Bryce brought the insignia. A month later he died.

He was an admirable exile—let us call him exile. For all his supersubtleties and weaknesses he is to-day the most important prototype of the cosmopolitan who is bound to continue to come from this side of the water, bound to shake off America for Europe.

* * *

Each expatriation, in truth, is a particular case. It is wrong to arrive at any general rules in the manner of Mr. Josephson or Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. T. S. Eliot remains abroad surely for other reasons than Mr. Ezra Pound. And Conrad Aiken will have reasons of another kind altogether. The individual artist must decide for himself.

He will have to decide in Canada. Art is far from being a spontaneous growth in our midst. We have had one important expatriate painter in Morrice. There will be others. It is difficult for some who have tasted of the European scene to reconcile themselves to the austerity of our life here. And yet others will flee Europe for our native pastures. But what sensitive individual can look at the standardization of North American life and not long for Paris, with every street a world in itself, a world with its own little bakery and laundry and café and no

series of uniform shops where food is served on regulation dishes by waitresses wearing the same uniform from one end of Canada to the other—where life somehow is to be lived casually and freely, and intensely. It is hard to forget Pont St. Michel where the air is soft and kindly and Notre Dame towers benignantly over the Seine. Is it any wonder that some of our exiles return hesitatingly to Canada? This, as we observed at the outset, is not a question of loyalty, or patriotism—it is a question of ordering one's life, of maintaining one's individuality.

* * *

Whatever the Canadian artists may think of the problem of expatriation they will find food for thought in a short story by Henry James entitled *The Jolly Corner*. It belongs to that group which deals with the supernatural. A ghost story, for James, it might be observed, was the most delightful form of the fairy tale.

Spencer Brydon, an expatriate like James, returns to New York in this story (and let us note that it was among the last that James wrote) after an absence of thirty-five years. He still owns an old house, "the jolly corner," on lower Fifth Avenue, the house in which he passed his childhood. And he falls into the habit of wandering about the place at night, obsessed by it, conjuring up old memories, recalling a distant childhood. What would have happened to him had he remained in America, he keeps on asking himself. "What would it have made of me?" So thinks the returned expatriate who has spent a lifetime abroad wandering over curious European paths.

And slowly he becomes convinced that his other self, the one who should have stayed at home, is there, in this old house, haunting it. He tries to discover this Amer-

ican self, and one night he feels that the two are alone and together in the empty mansion. He returns suddenly to a room where he left the door ajar and finds it closed. And then there follows a moment of hesitation. Shall he open it? Does this other Spencer Brydon wish to be seen? He hesitates. He turns away. He decides not to pursue the spirit.

Coming downstairs he discovers that the street door is wide open—and there before him, against the wall, with its hands over its face is the figure.

Startled, Spencer Brydon the European gazes at Spencer Brydon the American. The figure suddenly moves. The figure drops its hands.

The face is a face of horror.

It is the face of what Spencer Brydon would have been had he remained at home.

WORDSWORTH'S LETTER TO MATHETES

S. Ichiyé Hayakawa

WORDSWORTH'S *Letter to Mathetes* has been strangely neglected by the critics.[1] Yet it offers direct and valuable aid in understanding his poetry. It was written in reply to two young men, since identified as John Wilson ("Christopher North") and his friend Alexander Blair.[2] They had sought from Coleridge's ambling periodical *The Friend* advice on the proper guidance and conduct of life in youth. Theirs was the perennial problem of youthful enthusiasts: how, confronted with a varied world and without experience, were they to steer a wise course, to avoid giving themselves to unworthy causes, false ideals, vain pursuits? "Whatever their intellectual powers . . . their minds are still at the mercy of fortune: they have no inward impulse steadily to propel them: and must trust to the chances of the world for a guide." Their world is full of opportunities, causes, movements, and aims which solicit their interest and offer possible paths of endeavour; but such is their "present moral and intellectual state" that variety of opportunity is "little else than variety of danger." The young, they hold, are formed with a capacity for good; but they are impressed by "the difficulties from within and from without, which may oppose the natural development of true feeling and right opinion." And so they put their problem to *The Friend*.

Whether they found Wordsworth's reply helpful does

[1]My attention was directed to the *Letter* by Professor Arthur Beatty, who first pointed out its significance in his *William Wordsworth, his Doctrine and Art in their Historical Relations* (1927). For the text of the *Letter to Mathetes* from which I quote, see Coleridge, *Complete Works*, ed. Shedd, II, pp. 358-375.

[2]The identification is made by Shedd, *op. cit.*

not appear. Its importance for us lies in its thorough and unambiguous statement of beliefs regarding man's development from childhood to maturity, which underlie many of his finest poems, beliefs which by his critics are too often misrepresented or passed over. Only when the poet's doctrine of psychological development is understood do *The Prelude*, *The Recluse*, *Tintern Abbey*, and many of the shorter poems become fully comprehensible. The doctrine is, indeed, clearly stated in the poems themselves; but the *Letter* is like an apposite footnote which clarifies and explains. It should put the basic doctrine of the poems forever beyond the dangers of misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and mere neglect.

In the *Letter* Wordsworth points out that the age in which they live is not, in reality, appreciably worse than other ages; and that even if society were better, the same difficulties would occur, for they "arise out of the constitution of things, from the nature of youth, from the laws that govern the growth of the faculties, and from the necessary condition of the great body of mankind." His approach to this, as to many another topic, is thoroughly intelligent. He insists, in agreement with the noblest tradition of philosophers and moralists, that safety from the corrupting influences of the world cannot be gained from without, by external precept and admonition, but must be ensured by steady effort from within oneself. "Protection from any fatal effect of seductions and hindrances which opinion may throw in the way of pure and high-minded youth, can only be obtained with certainty at the same price by which everything great and good is obtained, namely, steady dependence upon voluntary and self-originating effort, and upon the practice of self-examination, sincerely aimed at and rigorously enforced."

However, in combination with this conscious and active effort, there is a *self-active power*, which feeds upon nature and the world at large, and insensibly joins the active will in the formation of character. This is one of Wordsworth's most important doctrines, and serves to explain the plan and terminology used in much of his poetry. In the *Letter* he tells "of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth, of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew-drops—of knowledge inhaled insensibly like the fragrance—of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters . . . of hopes plucked like beautiful wild flowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for the living forehead. . . ." The self-active power is naturally strongest in joy and gladness, for in less fortunate states of mind, there is less room for self-activity, because the mind is too much aware of itself. In this joy Nature operates, and she is therefore "a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness"—not a teacher in any ordinary sense of the word, but a teacher in the better sense of one who exercises the greatest influence when the pupil is least aware that he is being taught. The idea is expressed in his poetry many times:

> . . . the visible scene
> Would enter *unawares* into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
> Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
> Into the bosom of the steady lake.[3]

> Amid those fits of vulgar joy . . .
> . . . even then I felt
> Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth

[3] *There Was a Boy*. The italics in this and in all subsequent quotations are mine.

And common face of Nature spake to me
Rememberable things . . .
. . . *doomed to sleep*
Until maturer seasons called them forth
To impregnate and elevate the mind.[4]

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,
And twice five summers on my mind had stamped
The faces of the moving year, even then
I held *unconscious intercourse* with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.[5]

And deem not profitless those fleeting moods
Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind
And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire. . . .[6]

The mind throughout this process is, of course, not passive, but active. Furthermore, it operates through all periods of man's life, and not exclusively in any one period of it. At times it can run directly against, and at other times quite transcend, the normal, conscious activity of the mind. Wordsworth is quite specific:

A plastic power
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood.[7]

[4] *Prelude*, I, 581-96.
[5] *Ibid.*, I, 559-66.
[6] *Ibid.*, II, 312-9.
[7] *Ibid.*, II, 362-4.

> An auxiliar light
> Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
> Bestowed new splendour.[8]

The reactions of childhood to its environment are direct. (I use the psychological terminology advisedly, since it is the language used to-day to express in clumsy and pedestrian terms what Wordsworth anticipated by far in his poetry.) The chief concern of the child is with himself, and since his reactions are entirely *egocentric*, they are justly termed by Wordsworth "animal:"

> Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
> But secondary to my own pursuits
> And animal activities, and all
> Their trivial pleasures. . . .[9]

The reactions of this period are "coarser pleasures" and "glad animal movements:" there is, that is to say, no consciousness of consciousness. But although "coarser," these experiences are none the less valuable, for they contribute the foundations of knowledge:

> . . . Nature by extrinsic passion first
> Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair.[10]

This, then, is the reason why the joys "of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth" are profoundly important. That this was a consistent doctrine in Wordsworth is shown not only by all his poetry, but also in *The Tract on the Convention of Cintra*, in which, suggesting ideas for the amelioration of society and the pursuit of "National Happiness," he states that the education of children is the focal point of all such discussion because

[8] *Ibid.*, II, 368-70.
[9] *Ibid.*, VIII, 342-5.
[10] *Ibid.*, I, 545-6.

"the outermost and all-embracing circle of benevolence has inward concentric circles which . . . are bound together by links, and rest upon each other; making one frame, and capable of one tremor; circles narrower and narrower, closer and closer, as they lie more near to the centre of self from which they proceeded, and which sustains the whole."

As for youth, it is, to begin with, sentient. When the pure joy of animal activity has somewhat "drooped and gradually expired," the next stage begins:

> . . . Nature, prized
> For her own sake, became my joy, even then—
> And upwards through late youth, until not less
> Than two-and-twenty summers had been told—
> Was man in my affections and regards
> Subordinate to her, her visible forms
> And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
> A rapture often, and immediate love
> Ever at hand.[11]

And since youth is so deeply sentient, it is a glorious and important period of life. In spite of his difficulties, the youth, by his very nature, has

". . . many helps and aptitudes for the discharge of these difficult duties, which are withdrawn for the most part from the more advanced stages of life. For youth has its own wealth and independence; it is rich in health of body and animal spirits, in its sensibility to the impressions of the natural universe, in the conscious growth of knowledge, in lively sympathy and familiar communion with the generous actions recorded in history, and with the high passions of poetry; and, above all,

[11] *Ibid.*, VIII, 346-54.

youth is rich in the possession of time, and the accompanying consciousness of freedom and power. . . . Hence, in the happy confidence of his feelings, and in the elasticity of his spirit, neither worldly ambition, nor the love of praise, nor dread of censure, nor the necessity of worldly maintenance, nor any of those causes which tempt or compel the mind habitually to look out of itself for support; neither these, nor the passions of envy, fear, hatred, despondency, and the rankling of disappointed hopes . . . have power to preside over the choice of the young, if the disposition be not naturally bad, or the circumstances have not been in an uncommon degree unfavourable."

The sentient period, then, is important: since virtue arises not from precept or formulated creed, but from knowledge, and since knowledge is gained only by direct experience, that is, perception, and since perception of all kinds is most accurate and significant when the being is most acutely sentient, without full development during this period, true virtue can hardly be said to exist. In this splendid and actively receptive state, Wordsworth advises that the youth apply himself most intensely. "In such disposition of mind let the youth return to the visible universe, and to conversation with ancient books, and to those, if such there be, which in the present day breathe the ancient spirit." He admonishes him to look not at careless beauty hither and yon, but at "beauty which unfolds itself . . . to the thinking mind, which searches, discovers, and treasures up, infusing by meditation into the objects with which it converses an intellectual life, whereby they remain planted in the memory, now and forever." "Let him," that is to say, "now apply the telescope of art, to call the invisible stars out of the hiding-places." Thus, by having secured for

himself an accurate and passionately absorbed knowledge of the world about him and the world of ideas, the young man lays the foundations of the moral life, and is prepared for entrance in the third period, maturity. Such was, for example, the experience of the Wanderer:

> . . . he had felt the power
> Of Nature, and already was prepared,
> By his intense conceptions, to receive
> Deeply the lesson deep of love which he
> Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
> To feel intensely, cannot but receive.[12]

There must be no hindrances, therefore, to the full appreciation by youth of the glories of the sentient life. Youth grows and learns by a series of enthusiasms, and all influences that severely check his joy in life are bound to limit the knowledge and power to which he is destined to grow, and which are his rightful heritage. Therefore too devoted an adherence to a master or a teacher who has forgotten the values of sentient experience may result in serious limitations in the youthful pupil. To put such impediments in the way of youth is little short of criminal; Wordsworth expresses himself very strongly on this point. And of youthful enthusiasms he writes:

"Such virtues are the sacred attributes of youth; its appropriate calling is not to distinguish in the fear of being deceived or degraded, not to analyze with scrupulous minuteness, but to accumulate in genial confidence; its instinct, its safety, its benefit, its glory, is to love, to admire, to feel, and to labor. Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our prime dependence in all stages of life after infancy and childhood have been passed through . . .

[12] *Excursion*, I, 191-6.

must be upon our own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes returning upon itself."

Perhaps the finest concrete example that Wordsworth gives to illustrate the growth of the mind is found in the *Letter*. A boy watches a candle going out, and finds that insensibly the sight starts a series of processes within him. "This," says Wordsworth, "is nature teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and, through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding." Here Wordsworth has analyzed the place and value of what we term "sentimentality." Since it starts "a melancholy in the soul, a sinking inward into ourselves from thought to thought," it is inestimably valuable as the first stimulus given to the reflective powers.

Thus, then, is the human soul prepared in its earlier days for the period of maturity and the thoughtful life. The last stage is the most glorious by far, but the former periods are indispensable because a genuine maturity is impossible unless rich and happy periods of childhood and youth have preceded. Under such circumstances, man will be enabled to say as did Wordsworth:

> And thus
> Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
> Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,
> Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in
> On all sides from the ordinary world
> In which we traffic.[13]

Time and again in his poetry he speaks of the effects of such an upbringing as his own:

[13] *Prelude*, VIII, 317-22.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
. . . not in vain
By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.[14]

To the remembrances of the world of sensation and fancy in which the young mind revelled, the mature mind repeatedly turns. Wordsworth confesses that "notwithstanding its manifold excellences," his is a "degenerate age," in which all too often a "false Gloriana . . . imposes worthless services." Against such dangers youth has only one safeguard—an abundance of first-hand knowledge based upon variegated and fully-enjoyed perception of the world, which has resulted in a sense of the inner sublimity of all things, and especially of all mankind. This intimate sense of nature remains with one:

Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
The one sensation that is here; 'tis here,
Here as it found its way into my heart
In childhood, here as it abides by day,
By night, here only; or in chosen minds
That take it with them hence, where'er they go.[15]

[14] *Ibid.*, I, 401-14.
[15] *The Recluse.*

. . . when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye![16]

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.[17]

Finally, it must not be overlooked that this division of man's life into three ages is not a hard and fast system. One age merges into the next; each has its own individuality, but embraces the characteristics of the former ages as well. Maturity is a sum total, as well as a transcending of the character of former periods. As Wordsworth himself has asked:

But who shall parcel out
His intellect by geometric rules,
Split like a province into round and square?[18]

Beyond the definable and analyzable elements that go to make up the complex materials of personality, there remains yet a profound mystery—an invisible but potent principle of unity:

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused

[16] *Tintern Abbey*, 52-6.
[17] *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*
[18] *Prelude*, II, 203-5.

> Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
> And that a needful part, in making up
> The calm existence that is mine when I
> Am worthy of myself![19]

And, therefore, it is to this principle, imbibed in such a way throughout childhood and youth, that humanity must return if it too is to become worthy of itself. For those adult minds who have grown to maturity of years without maturity of understanding, Wordsworth advises, here as in the famous fourth book of *The Excursion*, and as Jesus advised before him, that before they enter the Kingdom of Heaven, they must become as little children, and know life afresh, from spontaneous and personally-derived experience.

The terminology of Wordsworth's psychological studies does not, perhaps, lend itself to employment in quantitative analyses, without which no knowledge appears at the present time to be considered complete. But after the many claims are made for Wordsworth as poet and philosopher and student of nature, I wonder whether one cannot put in an equal claim for him as psychologist—not merely in the modern and limited sense, for that would be to belittle him, but in the sense of a profound student of human nature, a searching analyst of mental processes? And although the analogy may appear fanciful to many, I personally cannot help seeing in Wordsworth's observations on childhood and adolescence the same structure of ideas as that on which a later and more fashionably accepted master of psychology, Marcel Proust, has based his intimate studies of the mind in growth.

[19] *Ibid.*, I, 340-50.

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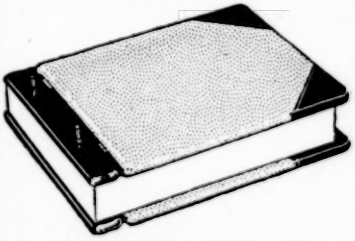

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